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A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

THE ETERNAL CITY.

THOSE seventeen years during which Rome was held by French bayonets marked the end of fifteen centuries of foreign intervention in Italy. The soldiers who entered the Eternal City under Oudinot, on the 2d of July, 1849, were only the last of a series of conquerors and invaders who had kept the peninsula subjected, divided, and helpless since the downfall of Latin-world rule. With the departure of Louis Napoleon's army of occupation, Dec. 11, 1866, Italy became, therefore, for the first time again mistress of her own destinies, and the cry, "fuori il barbaro," which had originated in the days of Theodorico the Goth, subsided finally in the land. This was certainly a great and memorable event in the history of that country. With the withdrawal of the French the principal obstacle which a settlement of the Roman difficulty presented was removed. The barbarian, so detested by the nation, had no longer a voice in its affairs, and without this right to interfere there appeared no valid reason why the Supreme Pontiff and the King of Italy should not have come sooner or later to terms. The Roman question had now emphatically become an Italian question, and, as far as human calculations could anticipate the future, the dream of unity and national independence was at length in a fair way of being fully realized.

Such were the situation and the prospects of the country at the time when the September Convention was ratified by the evacuation of the French two years after its conclusion. Until then fickle fortune had continued to smile upon the cause of Italy with a rare constancy. By a singular combination of propitious circumstances the Italians had effected in something over three lustrums, and at a comparatively trifling cost, what the unhappy Poles have to this day failed to achieve after nearly a century's unparalleled sacrifices. The new nationality had ceased to be Metternich's mere "geographical expression," and a glorious career lay before it. Nothing more seemed required to make Italy a power of the first rank but that an ordinary share of prudent statesmanship and administrative capacity should direct her public affairs. But prosperity is often more trying to man than adversity, and such was the case again here. No sooner had the Italians gained Venice than they coveted also Rome. Instead of remembering that politics is "the science of the possible," and being content to leave the solution of that problem to the future, the more impulsive element in the nation precipitated it before the proper time. Thus it came about that the so-called party of action adopted "On to Rome" for their watchword, not only in defiance of the government, but while the country stood on the verge of financial ruin, was overburdened with debt, taxed beyond its strength, and laboring under all the difficulties of maladministration. And, as if expressly to illustrate the ancient adage that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad, the leaders of the movement took their cue from Machiavelli. They reproached the Popedom for exerting not only a pernicious influence on the political status of the nation, but also on its religious. (Machiavelli's *Lectures on Livy*, chap. 12.) No more fatal blunder could surely have been committed. It was quite rash enough to attack the Church on politico-national grounds, but to put her morally-religious character in issue was little less than suicidal. It drew down upon the champions of such a cause the charge of seeking not merely the overthrow of the Pope's temporal authority, but equally of that which had been delegated to him as the successor of St. Peter. It was ignoring the fact that Italy is in this respect exceptionally situated. She is the seat of the Papacy—a universal institution—and the whole Catholic world is interested in seeing that the head of the Church should exercise his functions in dignity and independence. Such a movement

against Rome was, therefore, so incompatible with either of these conditions that the interference of the non-Italian Catholic powers, and especially of France, became logically certain. Indeed, had the party of action deliberately designed to recall the foreigner, they could hardly have taken a surer means than the very one which they adopted. Every true friend of Italy must, therefore, sincerely regret a course which has wantonly paved the way for the return of that primary cause of all her past wrongs and sufferings—foreign intervention.

Regarding the Roman demonstration from this standpoint, we can consequently lament neither the defeat of the Garibaldians nor the capture of their chief. Whatever our admiration may otherwise be for the liberator of Italy, it is impossible not to agree with Massimo d'Azeglio's terse opinion of his character—*Cœur d'or, tête de buffle*. Though a man of noble instincts, he is utterly destitute of discretion and judgement. He believes in a united Italy and in his own mission as devoutly as the Maid of Orleans believed in her heavenly destiny. Love of country is his ruling passion. Inspired by this feeling, he is reckless of all consequences, and his most brilliant successes have therefore often been gained with the most disproportionate means. But it will not do to trust fortune too far, and even the bitter lesson fate taught him at Aspromonte was in vain. Whether his last *fiasco*, which has resulted in bringing the French once more into the country, will shake this blind faith in his star, remains to be seen. If anything can, it should certainly be the reflection that, but for his hasty and ill-advised course, no foreign foot would now intrude on Italian soil. Whatever evil may yet arise out of Napoleon's renewed interference must rest on Garibaldi, and not the least menacing feature of the complication is the position in which it has placed Victor Emanuel. Though a monarchy, Italy is at heart largely democratic. The distance which intervenes between the doctrinarism of Mazzini and the radicalism of Garibaldi is apparently great, but *les extremes se touchent*. Between these two representatives of the revolution are ranged in regular succession all shades of republicanism, and their number is larger than is generally supposed. When the new kingdom was established its supporters, most of them members of the old conspiracies and plots, boasted that Mazzini had outlived his usefulness. The great work had been accomplished, and there was no longer a need to use the former tools. Many probably sincerely believed that they had really advanced half a century in a few months, but this delusion was soon dispelled. The only difference between now and then was that the republican gospel was proclaimed openly, whereas it had formerly been propagated in secret. In the larger portion of Italy, the monarchical principle has never been in the majority. In Venice and Genoa democratic recollections prevented its growth; in Lombardy the rule of the stranger had made it hated; and in the Romagna the abuses of the ecclesiastical elective system militated against it. In Tuscany, always republican, a sincere attachment for the reigning dynasty had never taken root until the days of Ferdinand III. In Naples monarchical ideas have continually battled with republican, without either gaining the advantage. Piedmont alone is distinguished for loyalty to its hereditary princes, but even there the last years have effected a breach. In this respect the reign of Victor Emanuel has been singularly unlucky. The barter of Savoy and Nice has outraged the feelings of the people. On the other hand the transfer of the national capital has only intensified the sectionalism of Piedmont without conciliating Turin, and recent events have shown how such prejudices may influence even the conduct of sensible and patriotic men. The King has thus constantly lost in one direction without profiting in the other. He remains, as he was, a stranger to the majority of the country, though as long as the cry was *fuori il barbaro* all the factions acted with him. The moment the common object had, however, been reached, they went each their own way. The tactics employed against the different dynasties by Cavour had been too successful not to be used by Mazzini. Those who have intrigued against the Bourbons, the Lothringians, the D'Cotes, and the Pope, will as readily intrigue

against the house of Savoy. Why should Mazzini and his followers love this dynasty better than the rest? He acts only consistently in overthrowing it also. The new monarchy has, therefore, never rested on a firm foundation, and Victor Emanuel's opposition to the Roman crusade may shake it severely. Not that we by any means believe all that such papers as the *Diritto*, *Opinione*, *Corriere Italiano*, *Italia*, *Riforma*, and other opposition organs, may say about the popularity of the movement, but with so much combustible material there is always more or less danger. As *The Round Table* has attempted to show on a previous occasion, the condition of the country is far from encouraging. The enthusiasm has died out. Universal disappointment, universal discontent, universal mistrust prevail everywhere and favor the Mazzinians. It is the overloading of the people, the fiscal torture, the want of order plain to the most indifferent observer, which threaten to make the dream of a republic a reality. The enemies of the monarchy need only to point out the plainest and most palpable facts in proof of the prevailing corruption, brutality, and fanaticism. The Bourbons used to be reproached for having deliberately neglected the national education, but the present régime has done very little if any more toward raising its standard.

The presence of French troops at the Holy City, and the effect which Victor Emanuel's adherence to the terms of the September treaty may have upon the popular passions, open, therefore, an endless perspective of troubles for Italy, and all these are due to the no doubt well-meant but exceedingly ill-timed attempt of Garibaldi to solve a question that might safely have been trusted to the future.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

IV.

A CHARGE against the late Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox is now being investigated by the Ordnance Committee. We have no evidence upon which to judge of the merits of the case. Mr. Fox may be innocent or he may be guilty; but it is to be deplored that such a high official should be even suspected of unlawful proceedings. The triumphant tour of this navy secretary through Europe will be remembered by our readers. He was deputed by the government to present to the Emperor Alexander of Russia the address of congratulation of Congress on occasion of the Czar's escape from the attack of an assassin. Mr. Fox was received with almost regal honors. His name was in every Russian's mouth from the banks of the Vistula to the shores of the Black Sea. He was regarded as one of the most illustrious members of the American government, and ovations were showered upon him wherever he went. That the integrity of such an official should be even questioned is a matter deeply affecting the national honor, and naturally leads to the enquiry, "Who is Fox?" What was the moral and mental test applied to his character and attainments before he was appointed to such a high office? What we know positively about this case is that no such test was applied. No official record exists to show that his character and his attainments were canvassed by the legislative authorities of the land. His appointment was, like that of all civil officers, a purely arbitrary proceeding, unsanctioned by any test of qualification, unsupported by any guarantee. Ministers, consuls, and several other public officers are at least obliged to furnish bonds in amounts varying according to the importance of the trusts confided to them, but the greater portion of our civil officers give no security, so that if they are unable to refund the amounts which they have malappropriated the government is the loser, or, in other words, every tax-paying citizen has to contribute toward the liquidation of the funds which have been pocketed or misapplied by the delinquent official.

As regards the executive and members of the cabinet and the members of Congress, public opinion exercises a certain degree of censorship, and defects of character are generally exposed, if not from ethical, at all events from political, considerations, or from the natural operations of feelings of animosity. But even as far as these officers are concerned there is more disposition to attack their political opinions

than to subject their personal character and mental status to a scorching analysis. Yet the official elevation of their position is apt to make them the observed of all observers; their names are daily in print; their movements are watched by newspaper reporters; their speeches are published; and the public is thus, at all events, familiarized with their names and local habitations. The Navy Department, for instance, is Mr. Welles, and Mr. Welles is the Navy Department. The name of Mr. Fox would probably never have burst upon the ears of the world if a Muscovite had not chosen to fire at the Czar and if Congress had not chosen to tell his Majesty how glad they were he was not shot. Mr. Fox then retired from the Navy Department, and this busy American world had already forgotten his Russian expedition when another explosion of guns took place which once more brought Mr. Fox from his lurking place. This time, however, the guns were not aimed at the breasts of emperors, but, as is charged, at the pockets of the American people. We trust that the late plenipotentiary and Assistant Secretary of the Navy may vindicate himself from the charges preferred against him, and can only express our regret that the civil service should be in such a chaotic condition as to leave the nation in utter darkness as regards the character and qualifications of public officers in the governmental departments.

This is, however, only one case out of a thousand. Indeed, it would not be hazarding too much to assert that worth and aptitude are the very last things thought of in appointments. This is the cancer which gnaws at the vitals of the republic. If culture and character continue to be ignored, the democracy will become a pigoeracy; and already there is not a ruffianly tavern-keeper in the land, or otherwise illiterate or venal clod, who does not think himself entitled to any office, simply because he meets congressmen in bar-rooms and knows how to buttonhole them in the nick of time. Corruption may not be always guarded against, whether the delinquent official be a gentleman of culture or an unlettered boor, and it is only by exacting bonds from officials, high or low, that the people can be efficiently protected against robbery and fraud. The commission charged with the competitive examination of candidates might also exact proper tests as to their moral character and integrity, so that culture and honesty may in future go hand in hand in the public service of the United States. Congress is about to reassemble, and, with the recent political events, office-hunters will soon throng the lobbies of the White House, of the departments, and the Capitol. The maxim that "to the victors the spoils belong" has wrought more evil in this country than any saying that ever fell from a politician's lips. Spoils refer to the property found upon the persons or in the camps of vanquished enemies. Now, to represent the offices of the public service as "spoils" which the victorious political party is justified in clutching as prize-money would virtually degrade this government to a freebooters' organization, with the additional infamy that a professional pirate is guilty only of destroying certain cargoes and ships, while a political pirate captures whole government organizations, inflicts damages that cannot be repaired, by contaminating the entire service and undermining the honor, dignity, and prosperity of the nation.

A plausible, often-quoted maxim thus becomes an execrable hydra-headed conspiracy, and while demagogues flatter the baser strata of the people by laying the spoils at their feet as a bait or bribe for their votes, the people are robbed, swindled, disgraced, and become the laughing-stock of mankind. During the turmoil of the last generation, while the republic was sowing its wild oats, with slavery at the South and incursions of hordes of immigrants North, it would have made wily old politicians smile to hear any one urge morality and efficiency in the public service and to advocate its purification by the introduction of a system of competitive examination and of rigid tests of qualification. But the republic is gradually emerging from this chaos. It is also becoming rapidly weaned from the fallacy that common schools and churches and facilities for the rapid acquisition of wealth are all that is required to make a government respectable and a people happy. It is only by welding

culture together with integrity that the civil service can be purged from its present evils, and, at the same time, set an example to all other branches of American activity. This is not alone the indispensable condition for the improvement of the civil service, but that of the stability of democracy itself. Surely with cultivated, patriotic, and upright men in public places, the republic need not again present the mortifying spectacle to the world of fellow-citizens cutting each other's throats because they lacked the moral and intellectual power to settle their difficulties in a peaceable manner, as becomes Christian legislators and peoples of the nineteenth century. Since we had no tests of qualification for public functions, legislative action became pugilistic, official action arbitrary, and the public service inefficient, corrupt, chaotic. A better era is dawning, and the adoption of the Jenckes bill of competitive examinations will be among its most auspicious heralds, to be followed by many other measures in the same direction.

THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK.

LOCAL politics have hitherto received little attention in these columns. *The Round Table*, although published in the metropolis, is designed for the whole country, and we have seldom thought it expedient to intrude upon a field which, apart from its being sufficiently occupied, already presents other and definite objections to close acquaintanceship. We nevertheless think it a duty so far to depart from our usual course at this time as to unite with several of our most respectable contemporaries in urging upon the intelligent classes the great importance of a vigorous effort for the re-election to the mayoralty of the city of New York of the Hon. John T. Hoffman. We are prompted to this advocacy, which we deem entirely non-partisan, not only because the grave interests of a million of citizens are at stake in the impending contest, but for the reason that an example and a precedent are involved of direct consequence to the whole nation. The metropolis is in imminent danger of being disgraced by the elevation to its most responsible office of an individual notorious for sharp practice in his private relations, and whose very name has become almost a synonym for whatever is corrupt and degenerate in our municipal system. Mr. Fernando Wood, through various combinations and agencies, has gained a power over our most ignorant and dangerous classes which will be—is now being—unscrupulously wielded, and which threatens to accomplish a result certain, if effected, to be bitterly lamented, during the next two years, by every intelligent and well disposed member of the community.

We grant that Mr. Wood is a very "smart" man. He was smart, in view of local prejudices, when he insulted the President elect of the nation at the time that Magistrate passed through New York on his way to the capital. He was smart, in view of the universal grief and horror which prevailed around him, when, being in London on the arrival of the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, he called a meeting of Americans through *The Times* at the Grosvenor Hotel and constituted himself its guiding spirit and chairman. He was smart, in view of laying the basis of his fortune, when, to evade a certain pecuniary responsibility, he pleaded the Statute of Limitations, and so won his case in the Court of Appeals. He was smart, in view of swelling that fortune, when he outwitted the city he now so impudently aspires to govern in the matter of the Nassau Street leases. We are quite ready to do justice to Mr. Wood's ability in all these transactions. The question for the people to decide is whether it is the kind of ability they should choose to reward by making its possessor chief magistrate of the first city in the republic. We are informed that Mr. Wood intends to move heaven and earth to carry his point. All the persuasive charms of "free rum," of liberal outlay, and of flattery of the mob are to be used without stint. The support of the radical wing of the Republican party is affirmed to have been already arranged and bargained for. Mr. Greeley is said to have listened to reason and to have promised his wisest and best efforts in the good cause. Torch-light processions on a grand scale are in preparation and transparencies

emblazoned with such curious legends as *Wood and Virtue*, *Fernando Wood and the Public Good*, and *Wood, the Poor Man's Friend*, have been manufactured in vast numbers; while such other pertinent ones as *Wood and the Statute of Limitations* and *Wood and the Nassau Street Leases* have been entirely neglected. The city will presently be in a blaze and a roar of pyrotechnics and martial music to light up and celebrate the triumphal march of this estimable person to the civic chair. Undoubtedly, Mr. Wood means business, will make great efforts for success, and corresponding efforts will be requisite to defeat him.

There are three candidates in the field; but all who are in a position to form trustworthy opinions perfectly well know that Mr. Darling, the Republican nominee, has no chance of election. Against this gentleman we have not a word to say further than that the contest lies exclusively between Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Wood. The result hinges upon whether the latter can secure a larger support from the lower strata of Democrats than the former can obtain from conservative Republicans. No party issues are involved in the struggle, but it is plain that every vote cast for Mr. Darling will help to elect Mr. Wood. The charter election is wisely appointed for a different time from state or national elections, for the express purpose of separating it from extrinsic partisan considerations; but we scarcely remember an occasion when *personal fitness* has been more properly and conspicuously the subject for popular decision than the present one. Under these circumstances we cannot conceive that any respectable voter of whatsoever party should hesitate between John T. Hoffman and Fernando Wood. The battle is one between decency and audacity, between a dignified and high-minded gentleman and an unscrupulous political schemer; between the reputable and order-loving citizens of New York and her lowest, most reckless, and least responsible population. It is in the power of Republicans of the former class to turn the scale, and it is their duty to do it.

Mr. Wood is seeking to gain adherents in a manner which indicates his sagacious appreciation of the intelligences on which he relies by circulating bills and placards contrasting the civic expenditures during his own former terms with those during that of Mayor Hoffman. The absurdity of seeking to make the latter responsible for the extraordinary expenses of war, for the increase of population, the additional cost of education, and, indeed, of all things that money can buy, and for other modifying causes incident to the progress of a great city, should be obvious to any one who has a vote to bestow. The implication that it is not so is unhappily well founded; but the intelligent of all classes should do their utmost to keep a candidate who seeks to use from profiting by it. The device is, of course, as rational and just as would be an attempt to base a comparative estimate of the characters of Presidents Jackson and Lincoln upon the national expenses during their respective tenures. We all know that the expenditures of New York city are much higher than ever before, and we also know that they are higher than they should be; but to seek a remedy for this evil in the election of Fernando Wood is about as sensible as to hope for an elevation of the standards of public or private morality through the same means. All who are at the pains to know anything of the subject are aware that the great bulk of additional expenditure is as absolutely beyond Mayor Hoffman's control as it would be beyond that of any other honest mayor; and although Mr. Wood, if elected, might manage to arrange things differently, his personal character is an indifferent guarantee that the public would profit by the change.

Herein lies the root and pith of the whole issue. There is always in the case of every responsible official a certain amount of floating scandal respecting his management of public property and his disposition of patronage. We assuredly would not stoop in forming an opinion to make fish of one individual and flesh of another. We would give ex-Mayor Wood and present Mayor Hoffman the benefit of every allowable doubt in any such case. But in such cases we, in common with the rest of the community, have a right to estimate probabilities by a regard to the *private character* of the individuals. Their stand-

ing in society, the purity of their record in courts and streets, their fair fame in business relations, are all legitimate objects of scrutiny and inference. We trust that every upright citizen, every intelligent man who is solicitous for the honor and dignity of this noble city, will apply these tests to John T. Hoffman and Fernando Wood before determining to whom he will give his vote for Mayor.

ROMEO E GIULIETTA.

TEN years ago the prospects of Italian Opera were not bright; with "scenery and decorations" more than ever splendid, with new singers eager to be heard and favorites immensely remunerated, it really seemed as if the entertainment which, because it was conventional and capable of being used for private as well as public social needs, had become all over the world the pivotal social institution, must come to an end; the fire must go out for want of fuel; the opera must be abandoned because there were no more new operas. That vein of gayety, joy, and sensuous delight in which the Italians in their political stagnation and enforced quiet found a vent for the genius of their race, seemed to be exhausted in Bellini and Donizetti, and the new political hopes which have, perhaps, finally turned Italian genius from the sphere of music, made themselves disagreeably felt in the noise, the stir, and the over-excitement of Verdi's later works. We were tired of the *Traviata* and the *Trovatore*; we soon exhausted the *Ballo in Maschera*; other operas failed outright; and people began to say that to instrumental music and the German school must we look for progress in the future, for that the day of Italian Opera was past. It may be so; but if that brilliant day be over, a lovely twilight lingers in the music of Gounod; a twilight, too, full of memories, for, like the Caraccis and the painters of second rank who followed the great period of pictorial art, M. Gounod is an eclectic. A learned man, with a strong feeling for antique forms and ecclesiastical harmonies, himself a delightful singer, it is almost impossible for us to estimate precisely his original contributions of either melodies or thoughts, so elaborate, so elegant, so delicately wrought is the dress in which he clothes them, the form in which they are presented to us.

One knows not whether to be most astonished at the idea of putting two fugues into an opera, or at the calmness with which M. Gounod uses them merely as a means of enrichment and variety, and passes on without taking the trouble to work them out; certain it is that his use of ecclesiastical progressions affords a fine relief, and enables him to construct those exquisitely-graduated closing periods which are among the greatest charms of his style; witness the finely-conceived touch of solemnity on the words "sempre, sempre," in the garden-duet in *Faust*, when two human beings have made an avowal which is a crisis in their fate; also the final chords of the same opera when, after the terrible prison scene, he desires to raise our minds to the serenity of a religious hope. Another antique form in which M. Gounod delights is the "ground-bass," a form which originated no doubt with the Calabrian bag-pipe, and which, by its alternations of accord and discord, of firm hold at one point and fanciful wandering everywhere else, justifies his favor. He devotes a long number to it in *Mirella* (No. 13), and we hear it in the *entr'acte* between the first and second acts of *Romeo and Juliet*. The concerted music of *Romeo and Juliet* is far finer than that of *Faust*, the death of Tybalt and the vain attempt at pacification on the part of Romeo much more characteristic than the death of Valentine and the grief of Marguerite. It has been said that this concerted music recalls Meyerbeer; but it is more reasonable to observe that both Gounod and Meyerbeer wrote for the same public, both gained more mastery over complicated situations with experience and time, and that, while Meyerbeer was immensely influenced by French taste, Gounod is a Frenchman, and naturally both show a disposition to frequent changes of time and rhythm as well as to other peculiarities of the French school. In listening to an opera written for Paris, it must always be remembered that the inordinate length of French performances—the Grande Opera always commencing at half-past seven and frequently closing at twelve o'clock—makes a vast number of curtailments necessary when the work is presented to any other public; and hence there is in *Romeo and Juliet*, from time to time, that effect of sameness which was complained of last spring in London, and which results from movements of the same character following each other while the contrasting movements between have been withdrawn.

M. Gounod rejects overtures; a short prelude is all he allows to enable us to forget the outer world and give our

thoughts to the world of the drama. In *Romeo and Juliet* this begins with a *maestoso* movement that is almost noisy, and which is followed by one of the fugues we have adverted to—an entire contrast, of course; then comes the prologue, sung in Paris by voices behind the curtain, in London left out entirely, and on Friday night performed as an accompaniment to a tableau—in our opinion the least wise course of the three, for the edge of interest is taken off by beholding Juliet and the other personages before their proper place in the drama, and, the words of the chorus being left out in the published libretto, the audience were mostly under the impression when the curtain went down that something had gone wrong. The garden scene in *Faust* being confessedly the finest love scene in opera, it has been rather unfairly assumed that the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* could not equal it; but it appeared to us that nothing could be more lovely, nothing more passionate or more ideal; and again M. Gounod has sought his means in old forms, those cadences of thirds and sixths which for a hundred years expressed in the works of Italian writers the accord of heart with heart.

Among the subjects connected with art well deserving of reflection is the persistency with which, especially in great periods, a certain story, a certain ideal, a certain situation, has been taken by artist after artist, painter after painter, poet after poet, worked out, recast, repeated, reinvented, the whole attention of the creative and the receptive public concentrated upon the means of representing one ideal to the exclusion of others apparently quite as interesting. That this was so in painting we know. For upward of a century there was a ceaseless production of Holy Families. Once the beautiful contrast was presented—the pure mother, the innocent child, the grey-haired man; differing in age and aspect, yet alike in the holy calm of their divinely-ordered existence—painter after painter devoted his labor, his genius, his hopes to the portrayal of the lovely group, until that Holy Family came from the hand of Raphael which we wear on brooches and scratch on boxes, and which neither time nor familiarity can make less than divine. It is said that when Raphael was about commencing his sixteenth picture of the Madonna, a friend remonstrating, he replied with warmth: "All the painters in the world, working for ever, could not exhaust her beauty." A remark profoundly true, for in his time art and religion had combined to form an ideal which, like all abstract conceptions, was inexhaustible; modern society has indeed generally accepted Raphael's conception of the Virgin till we gaze with a certain strange awe at those of Angelico or John Bellini—so different, and yet so lovely.

Turning from painting to poetry, we know that nearly all Shakespeare's stories, even the very characters and dialogues, had been treated before by inferior men; and there seems to be a fascination in the tales themselves which, notwithstanding that Shakespeare has occupied the ground, leads every literary man to say something, be it only in allusion, on the passion of Juliet or the fate of Desdemona. It is needless to quote less-known examples to show how the very fairy tales of different countries were the same with other names, till comparative mythology finally proves to us that the conceptions which men have gradually evolved for purposes of art were originally the same and few in number; enough has been said to account for that instinct by which musicians have always sought to clothe with their most precious fancies those themes which are most widely known and universally understood. It is impossible in an opera to give those explanations which are requisite for the comprehension of a story, hence the convenience of taking a drama generally known for a theme. *Faust*, besides that Goethe's poem is read by all educated people, was acted as a drama very successfully, both in Paris and London, for two or three seasons before the opera appeared; so that all which in it is merely supposed to have happened was supplied by the memory of the audience. The older Italian writers composed opera after opera on the same libretto. Rossini's *Barbiere* supplanted that of Paisiello, and the operatic genealogy of *Romeo and Juliet* goes back from Gounod to Bellini, from Bellini to Vaccaj, to Zingarelli, and so on to one or two others whose memory is lost in antiquity.

It is not long ago, however, that English-speaking people were very jealous of any adaptation or other meddling with Shakespeare. Verdi's *Macbeth* was a failure. Nicolai's *Faust* the same. Rossini's *Otello*—one of his finest works—was barely endured in England and here, and its revival this year was probably the reason that the public have been so slow to recognize the great merits of Signor Pancani; and we find on all sides an expression of satisfaction that M. Gounod has adhered so closely to the text of *Romeo and Juliet*, and a sort of resentment at the introduction of the character of the

page, which was done, of course, in compliance with that French taste which insisted on the equally intrusive Siebel in *Faust* and Urban in the *Huguenots*. The nurse is, of course, impossible to represent musically; so is Mercutio—ghost of Charles Kemble! That any one should think of singing, "Oh then I see Queen Mab hath been with you!" But it cannot be sung; the singer sings an accompaniment and the orchestra does it, and does it beautifully; without a note being borrowed the effect of Mendelssohn's fairy music in the *Midsommer Night's Dream* is reproduced. On the other hand, Friar Lawrence, often carelessly acted and read in the play, rises in the opera to great dignity and importance; his two longest solos are now omitted, but he sermonizes the young people in good round style and performs the marriage service in front of the footlights.

It is not our intention to follow the numbers of the score in detail, but rather to congratulate the present generation of the musical world on the acquisition of another new and beautiful opera, and the possession of one more able and prolific composer; and on the fact that the most delightful, the most absorbing, and the most luxurious of amusements is at any rate likely to last our time.

THE MAGAZINE GALORE.

A MAGAZINE has long been known as among the useful adjuncts to the business of a large publishing house, and it would seem that it is now becoming recognized as an indispensable appliance of any whose operations are on a grand scale. Already there are in our three publishing cities fourteen of the book-publishing firms—very possibly more which we do not recall—which among them issue twenty-one periodicals, varying in grade from quarterly and professional or scientific reviews to weekly and juvenile journals, a majority of which have come into life within a very short time. Beside these are New York branches of three London houses publishing eight magazines, and after another month at least two—rumor says four—more of our prominent publishers are to give us new monthlies, so that before long it seems quite probable that every publisher will have his periodical as an essential part of his equipment. In addition to the novelties which make their appearance under auspices of this sort there are constantly being made independent efforts at the establishment of literary and journalistic enterprises. The mania—for it is scarcely less—prevailed in England for many months before it appeared here, and there it still continues without prospect of abatement, unless it spends itself by every successful writer's becoming possessed of a magazine of his own, or by the exhaustion of names for new essays,—a contingency which seems by no means remote when we find old titles revived; the right to new ones challenged by persons who claim to have registered them for their own use; almost every noted locality in London—e.g., Hanover Square, Pall Mall, St. Paul's, Belgraveia, Temple Bar, Cornhill, Broadway, etc., etc.—employed as names for new publications; and even such graceless imitations of established rivals as those which confront *Punch* with a *Judy* and a *Toby*, "whose bark," observes *The London Review*, "will shortly be upon the sea of literature." Here we have no difficulties of this kind, but graver ones might have been supposed to exist in the immense cost of labor and materials for printing, in the universal business prostration, the general distrust and uncertain aspect of the future, and in the occupation of every eligible field by well established publications. Notwithstanding all these considerations the number of new ventures here is likely to be hardly less proportionately than in London. The enumeration of those which have been essayed, say from the commencement of *The Galaxy*, would fill a pamphlet of moderate proportions. To go back a very few months, remembering the new journals one hears cried on the streets, and the new forms one sees each week on the news-stand, gives a conviction of extraordinary literary activity. Aside from the trash—the *Kitchen Corners* and *Chambermaid's Delights*, the *Prize Fighter's Joys* and *Tattler's Teapots*, which, of course, are the most numerous—and aside too from innumerable more or less disguised advertising sheets, there is no inconsiderable proportion of the newcomers of a more than respectable character. We have new quarterlies of Law, of Medicine, of Speculative Philosophy; new monthlies of Natural History, of Art, of Music, of Numismatics, of the Davis Family; a publication of some sort and of some merit from nearly every live college in the country; our first creditable fashion weekly; numberless admirable innovations in juvenile journalism; three presentable weeklies whose business is to wrangle with ability over the tariff—all these and more like unto them, coming from almost as many parts of the country, date as it were from yesterday, yet not a few of

us would be sorely annoyed at having to relinquish any of them.

Without doubt, however, we shall presently begin to encounter predictions that these new magazines cannot help but fail. Just as, even for months after its success had ceased to be a matter of doubt, *The Round Table* was pursued with assertions of its inevitable suspension, so our new contemporaries must encounter the obstacles of the malevolent envy and thoughtless babbling of people who, incapable of making any worthy effort themselves, cannot endure to see the success of other people's efforts. In fact, in view of the hard times and the number of the new aspirants to public favor, there will be more than usual show of reason in the prophecies of failure. Nevertheless, we think it is quite safe to assume the probable success of all of the new enterprises which have merit enough to deserve it. We look in fact rather for additions to their numbers from new quarters—from Baltimore and San Francisco, for instance, both of which have of late been sending out books that will bear comparison with those of the best American and European publishers, yet are without a native periodical literature—than for any material diminution. That Messrs. Putnam and Lippincott will do well with their new monthlies is a matter of course. The one begins with the experience, the *prestige*, and many of the writers acquired by one of the most justly celebrated of American magazines, with which the new generation of ambitious young writers will be only too glad to have their names associated. For Mr. Lippincott, who has established in the most absolutely unintellectual of all the great cities in Christendom one of the leading publishing houses in the world, anything but success is impossible. Under auspices like these nothing is precarious. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Besides, even if for a time their magazines should not bring in adequate returns for the capital invested in them, they still must at once become indirectly profitable by their value as advertisements to the establishments whence they emanate. In many ways it is nearly out of the question that a book-publishing house of repute and large business connections should find a periodical otherwise than remunerative. The cases which are problematical are those of the newcomers that have no such alliance to lean upon until they demonstrate their right to live. Here the croakers have recent precedents in abundance,—*Vanity Fair*, *Mrs. Grundy*, *Northern Lights*, *The Crescent Monthly*, *The Pacific Monthly*, *The Social Science Review*. In each of these cases, however, and in several more which it hardly needs prophetic insight to add to the number by anticipation, the event is quite accountable either by an examination of the periodical itself or by circumstances of time, location, or editorial management. That the taste of the public for literature has grown as well as its appetite, is attested both by recent successes which a very few years ago could have found no sustaining clientele, and by recent failures which would once have secured approbation in point of scholarship and refinement. We cannot, of course, look for the extinction of the shabby and vicious in periodical literature, which has acquired under a different state of things a foothold whence it cannot be dislodged. But we think that for the future, even in the most popular sort of light writing, there will be a demand for work of a higher grade, for scholarship, force, and originality, that until recently could not have been appreciated, and that even now, possibly, cannot be supplied in sufficient quantity.

That there is room for several more magazines of the better class, that there are plenty of people who know how to enjoy good writing, yet who have not time nor inclination to go to bound books in search of it and who therefore will sustain periodicals that give it to them, there can be no doubt. Among this class of readers, too, the demand will grow with the supply, so that, as the number of readers is also increasing, that of the magazines may likewise do so with benefit rather than disadvantage to those which already exist. *Harper and The Atlantic*, for instance, have not merely not lost in point of circulation because of *The Galaxy* and *Hours at Home*, but have probably on the whole more readers than if these had never been commenced; and if *Putnam's* or *Lippincott's* shall in some way prove more attractive than any of their older rivals, and acquire a circulation equal to theirs, it will not necessarily follow that the circulation of their predecessors must be lessened. The effects of the disjointed and fragmentary habits of thought generated both in readers and writers of newspapers and magazines is a question by itself; but for the purely mercantile aspect of popular literature and for the rudimentary education of young writers we have no doubt that the multiplication of magazines is a good thing. Of course we are not to be understood as advising that every one with literary aspirations shall provide himself with a

magazine on the general chances of finding readers. No one who has not tried it for himself can form any idea of the outlay, the patience, the industry, the disappointments, that must precede any return from a literary enterprise of whatever grade; so that for any one to essay the task without practical experience of its inevitable difficulties is one of the maddest pieces of folly conceivable. What we do mean is that at present, and probably for many years to come, there will be no foundation for the stereotyped outcry against every new and novel periodical that it must necessarily fail. Such predictions were very confidently urged in England in the case of the weekly reviews of the type of *The Spectator* and *The Saturday Review*; and when the field of the old half-a-crown magazines—*The Gentleman's*, *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, *The Dublin University*, *Bentley*—began to be claimed by the first of the host of cheaper rivals that have at least quadrupled within a few years, the same assertion was made. Yet still in England they continue to appear, apparently to prosper, certainly to give very good reading at very little cost. Just the same thing, we doubt not, we are to see here. In ten years, perhaps in five, we may have half-a-dozen journals of that order in which at present *The Round Table* and *The Nation* are the *acut couriers*, while of respectable monthlies we see no reason why there should not be fifty. The young New Jersey periodical, *The Northern Monthly*—which only needs an editor who knows the difference between Homer and Horace to make it a literary success—has demonstrated that a magazine need not necessarily be published in a great city, if by any other means it can collect a distinctive staff of contributors and can muster in its own region, whatever that may be, a respectable nucleus of subscribers. No there seems to be no reason that half-a-dozen Southern and Western, and at least one Pacific city should not do what Newark has done. Magazines of such sort could not look for national circulation, but—like many of the New York journals which are never seen out of certain commercial regions, *The Wine Press*, *The Billiard Cue*, *The Tobacco Leaf*, *Our Mutual Friend*—they might gain a very respectable livelihood in their own community.

There is one measure of paramount importance that must be hastened by the literary revival which is to take place, if not immediately, in a very short time. Magazine-writing will become little less than a profession, a new class among us, and its members must be paid. Publishers will thus be forced to secure protection through an international copyright against the people who sell gratuitously gotten English magazine-work at lower prices than they can offer that which they must buy. This protection once obtained, the American writer will begin to be a recognized personage, the American publisher to have the means of adequately paying him, the American periodical to be free from an unequal competition and from the gravest of the difficulties which withstand its prosperity.

NE SUTOR ULTRA.

WHEN Apelles so cruelly snubbed the critical cobbler, as Pliny relates, he favored posterity with a maxim as full of practical wisdom as any of the Proverbs of Solomon. The only other, indeed, that can be compared to it for sententious profundity is its familiar English counterpart, Mind your own business. One, indeed, is the complement and correlative of the other; both we are rather inclined to endorse in theory than to follow in practise. The rarest of accomplishments, and the last we learn, is to know what not to say, to say only what we know. Doubtless, it is wisely so ordained by Providence as an encouragement to social intercourse; for if knowledge were to be made the condition of conversation, the world would be nearly as still as in the time that Dr. Holmes tells of, when the agreement being made that all the people of the earth should shout "Boo" at a given instant to wake the people in the moon, everybody remained perfectly quiet to listen to the rest. In fact, Talleyrand's rule, never to talk of what he understood, seems to be generally adopted, though not always with Talleyrand's brilliancy and success. Perhaps, if we limited our application of the precept to talk, no great harm would be done; on the contrary, it is rather a pleasure than otherwise to hear people talk of what they don't understand. If we happen to know more of the subject than the talker, we feel an agreeable sense of superiority; if not, we are glad to be on equal ground. Instructive talkers are usually bores. Johnson and Coleridge and those other tyrants of conversation must have been insufferably wearisome to their wretched admirers; and we quite sympathize with the feeling which left a Parliament of empty benches to be edified by the wisdom of Edmund Burke.

If we were satisfied to blow off all our ignorance in the soap-bubbles of talk, the damage would be confined to the amount of lye in their basis; but we are not. The trouble is that we are constantly extracting the deleterious essence, and bottling it up in deeds enough to poison or paralyze a life. In other words, to drop the metaphor, we are continually trying to do things we do not understand, and trying oftenest and with the greatest relish to do precisely those things we understand least. A vast amount of thought and time and energy is thus allowed to dribble away in a thousand insignificant rills that, concentrated in a single channel, would have overleaped all barriers and swept us safely down to the open port where fame and fortune await the happy voyager. It is the one-ideaed men that achieve all the grand successes in life; the men who, having ascertained exactly what they can do best, give themselves up to that one object mind and body, heart and soul, never pausing nor turning aside till their purpose is accomplished. And the number of such men might be greater if human nature were not so weak. It is given to most of us to do at least one thing well, if it be only to turn a hand-organ or edit a religious paper. We call it having a forte. For example: Dr. Holland's forte is to be a moralist and Young Man's Guide; Mr. Tilton's forte is to write poetry for babies about kittens and flies; Mr. Emerson's forte is to be unintelligible; General Garibaldi's forte is to make candles and be a heroic fool; a Bostonian's forte is to live in Boston, have revelations, and be a superior mahn. But it is the misfortune and curse of our nature that the very thing we do best seems to us (except in the last case) always the one thing least worth doing. What our neighbor does is the great thing, and surely if he has done it we can do it too. Secretly we are all convinced that there is nothing which we can't do ever so much better than our neighbor, who is a clever fellow and smart enough in his way, but nothing remarkable, no genius. So we set to work to excel that worthy but ordinary creature in his own province, and, as we never know what prodigious asses we generally make of ourselves, fancy we have done wonderfully well, and continue to hug the delusion that it is better to do many things ill than one thing well. Real versatility is, of course, a charming thing, but as rare as it is charming. Nowadays, at least, Admirable Crichtons are angelically few.

So, in spite of Apelles' well-meant admonition, the world is full of cobblers who cannot by any persuasion be induced to stick to their last. Everybody knows the striking examples: Liston, who, a born comedian, believed to the last that tragedy was his forte; Haydon, who might have been a good writer if he had not preferred to be a bad painter; Richelieu, who always cherished the notion that he was a better poet than statesman; and, to come to our own day, Mr. Ruskin, who spoiled a first-class art critic when he permitted Carlyle and conceit to make him a fourth-rate political economist. So, too, among our own countrymen, in the instances we have mentioned above, Dr. Holland chooses to be a mediocre poet rather than a first-class moralist and Young Man's Guide; Mr. Tilton abandons his evident vocation as a companion and rival to Mother Goose to be a very inferior editor; Mr. Emerson tries to be intelligible, and succeeds in being silly; General Garibaldi, who may rank as a countryman in virtue of his being an American citizen, abandons the manufacture of candles, which he understands, for the manufacture of kingdoms, which he doesn't, and is snuffed out. Indeed, America seems to be prolific in aspiring and unhappy cobblers; probably our political and social institutions furnish the sufficient reason. In a republic where all things are possible and where every man is as good as every other man, and a profane sight better, it is natural that one should grow into almost unlimited faith in one's own individual possibilities. Of course there is no good reason why we should not indulge ourselves in the contemplation of as much prospective greatness or good fortune as we choose, provided we do not let our aspirations interfere with our duties. But we are apt to be like that unlucky pedler of china in the *Arabian Nights*, who dreamt he was a prince, and using his princely prerogative of kicking a servant, smashed his stock in trade and woke to unmeasured and total ruin. Once a man delivers himself over to the delusion that he is born for better things, he is in a fair way to become a torment to himself and a nuisance to everybody else; to worry his family, disgust his friends, and be a laughing-stock to his enemies. Unhappily it is a delusion to which the best of men are prone, and which especially obtains in a republic. When every cobbler can look from his bench into a shining perspective of offices and honors with the White House itself to close the vista, it is not at all surprising that he should be unwilling to stick to his last. Since a tailor has been adorned with the laticlave and the fasces, why not a cob-

bler, who is every bit as good as a tailor—nay, if we may trust an ancient and invidious adage, as old, probably, as the first unpaid tailor's bill, nine times better than the best of tailors. Of course the thing is possible, and how swiftly the scantiest possibilities are transmuted into golden probabilities in the subtle alchemy of hope! So our cobbler falls to dreaming purple dreams and forgets his lapstone; he shuts his eyes to see the prospect clearer; he leaves his last to talk the matter over with his neighbor, who, having similar visions of his own, secretly contents and derides him; eventually he goes to a primary meeting, he is engulfed in the maelstrom of politics, he sinks to be a common councilman, perhaps he descends into the black abysses of Congress, and then—? Poor himself might be staggered to resuscitate him into respectability and usefulness from those inky depths. The consequence is that a great many very good cobblers are being constantly converted into very indifferent statesmen and heroes and brigadier-generals and saviors of the republic generally, unprofitable to themselves and everybody else.

Something, too, must be charged to the restless, vain, ambitious, self-reliant American character. It is the especial privilege and delight of the free and happy American citizen to believe that whatever anybody else has done he can do a "little" better if he tries. So he is relieved from that embarrassment and diffidence which less-favored mortals feel in venturing an opinion on subjects whereon they are not informed. His serene, and even sublime, faith in himself and his powers is superior to doubt or hesitation, and there are not many departments of human skill or industry or taste wherein he does not feel himself competent to deliver final judgment. He will crush a sculptor by his contempt for "them stone gals," or critically sentence a pictur or a poem as readily and confidently as he would judge of the quality of petroleum or shoddy. Coleridge's cockney who, on being applauded by the poet for calling a waterfall "majestic," crowned his praise with the addition that "it was the most majestic waterfall he ever saw," could be paralleled by almost any American tourist. Among the editors of our country newspapers, also, we might find him a few formidable rivals. Those gentlemen especially who have been wagging their ears over our recent review of *Kathrina* have probably robbed St. Crispin of some faithful followers. Probably this is the reason that the universal Yankee nation has been so universally snubbed and laughed at throughout Europe to a degree which not even our British cousins, who, in this respect at least, so much resemble us, have had to endure. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn to hold our tongues and mind our business and heed the advice of Apelles; but, if we were not too patriotic, we should express our conviction that that happy day will probably be the last.

CRITICISMS WRITTEN FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

BY G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.,
AUTHOR OF THE DEAN'S ENGLISH, ETC.
GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.
No. V.

IN my last letter I commented upon the apologies which Mr. Gould has put forth for certain acknowledged errors in his *Good English*; the said apologies being that the work is in the first edition, and that he had sometimes read the proof-sheets superficially. I have now to revert to certain disputed errors which he defends, and to notice the defence itself; and I do this the less reluctantly because one error speciously defended is productive of more evil than would result from a dozen errors which might justly be attributed to inadvertence.

I regret that anything in my criticisms should have given offence to Mr. Gould. I regret that he should have taken offence when no offence was intended. He who assumes the office of public critic, should himself be prepared to submit to the ordeal of public criticism through which he has made others pass. Mr. Gould, while praising in general terms the accuracy of my language in *The Dean's English*, commented upon what he considered to be errors of mine in that book. For the correction of any real errors, I sincerely thank Mr. Gould; and here let me assure him that I no more lay claim to infallibility than to omniscience. As for my criticisms on his *Good English*, I have but followed the example which he has set me, and am not conscious of having in any way spoken discourteously of him. His book might be made a valuable contribution to English philology, and one that would be read with advantage by all. But it is not perfect now; and his defence of the errors which have been pointed out in it is, both in matter and in manner, anything but praiseworthy.

He says: "My modest belief is, that he [Mr. Moon]

will learn from my criticisms on his essays more than I have learned from his criticisms on my book." It would be unbecoming in me to dispute with Mr. Gould on this delicate point. Indeed, I have no need to do so. I admit that I have learnt from his criticisms more than it is probable he has learnt from mine. Let me enumerate my gains from this source: I have learnt from Mr. Gould's example, that a writer on the proprieties of language may say of a certain Latin quotation respecting matters of taste, that "the proverb is something musty"! I have learnt also that it is not considered inelegant to say of a certain word, "it smacks of attempted prettiness in style;" and that we may even intensify the expression and say, "'i-ther' and 'ni-ther' smacks strongly" of peculiarity, etc. I have learnt likewise that a corrector of the English of other writers may, himself, indulge in slang, and say, "if he attempts [this should be attempt] to imitate the style of another, however good that style may be in the original, he will certainly come to grief"! Moreover, I have learnt that there are very valuable privileges attaching to the office of public critic; privileges from the enjoyment of which my ignorance, unfortunately, had previously debarred me. Thanks to Mr. Gould, I now see that it is quite admissible for a critic to palliate, in his own writings, the errors which he censures in the writings of another. Mr. Gould's illustrations of this are most simple and appropriate. The following is his condemnation of Dean Alford's misplacing of the adverb "only." I quote from *Good English*, pp. 132, 133:

Queen's English, paragraph 9.—"It is said also only to occur three times," etc. Read, "occur only three times." p. 44. "this doubling only takes place in a syl. labio," etc. Read, "takes place only in a syllable." p. 143. "which can only be decided when those circumstances are known." Read, "can be decided only when," etc. p. 166. "I will only say that it produces," etc. Read, "I will say only that it produces." p. 170. "It is said that this can only be filled in thus." Read, "can be filled in only thus." p. 210. "It can only be used as expressing determination." Read, "can be used only as expressing determination." p. 221. "This . . . only conveys the sense," etc. Read, "conveys only the sense." p. 223. "I can only regard them as Scotticisms." Read, "regard them only as Scotticisms." p. 229. "and also when it is only true of them taken together." Read, "true of them only when taken together." p. 338. "I can only deal with the complaint in a general way." Read, "deal with the complaint only in a general way."

So also, on page 60 of *Good English*, Mr. Gould condemns the same error in a work by Dean Trench, from which he quotes as follows: "It is undoubtedly becoming different from what it has been, but only different in that it is passing into another stage of its development." Mr. Gould adds, "this should be 'different only.'" But when a similar error is pointed out in Mr. Gould's *Good English* (see *Criticism II*)—O that is quite another thing! It is clearly right to condemn the expression "only different," in the above sentence; but it is not at all right to condemn the expression "only takes," in a sentence of Mr. Gould's. The simple reason for which is, that it is Mr. Gould's—an admirable illustration of the old saying, "Orthodoxy means my dory, heterodoxy means another man's dory."

It really is very delightful to be a critic, and be thus privileged in one's use of expressions; and I am deeply indebted to Mr. Gould for opening my eyes to the riches of my inheritance; and, in his compassion for my ignorance, kindly multiplying examples of the way in which my wealth may be advantageously employed. If I condemn an author for writing so ambiguously "as to leave the reader in doubt whether certain words relate to what immediately precedes, or to what follows them" (see *Good English*, p. 110), and am afterward caught in the commission of the same error (see *Criticism III*), and the public are challenged to come to any definite conclusion as to which of two meanings I intended to convey, I perceive that the proper course to adopt is to act on the old showman's principle and tell my critics to "take their choice."

This is indeed politic; and, in these days of plagiarism when distinctions between *meum* and *tuum* are often utterly ignored, we cannot value too highly the example which Mr. Gould sets us in drawing, as he does, a very broad line between what is his own and what is another's. For example, in *The Queen's English*, the Dean of Canterbury uses the expression "more decisive;" Mr. Gould objects to it, and asks, "Does the Dean hold that 'decisive' is an adjective that admits of comparison?" But when a similar question is put to Mr. Gould respecting his use of the expressions "so universally" and "so totally," and he is reminded that a decision, in a court of law for instance, may be confirmed by a higher tribunal

and thereby be made "more decisive," but that "universality" and "totality" cannot possibly be otherwise than perfect or complete; he very wisely abstains from entering upon any defence of the condemned expressions, and says, with amusing brevity, that he does not assent to his critic's objection.

In a former criticism I stated that Mr. Gould speaks of a word under the similitude of a counterfeit coin, and afterward of its being "purified" by an "endorsement." Mr. Gould, in refutation of the charge, says: "I beg leave to assure Mr. Moon that I do not speak of a word 'as a coin.' The word 'coin' is not in that part of my book. I speak of the making, passing, and circulating of currency (which, if I must again for Mr. Moon's benefit refer to a dictionary, means 'paper passing for money')." Mr. Gould seems to be determined to lay me under obligation to him. He not only searches out the word "currency" for me, in "a dictionary" (it is to be regretted that he did not give the title of the dictionary), but he very considerably selects for me the one special meaning which he considers applicable. This is the more kind, inasmuch as I have been unable to find that particular, exclusive meaning in any of our principal dictionaries. I have searched Worcester, Webster, Richardson, Ogilvie, Craig, and Chambers, but all in vain. I judge, therefore, that so far from its being the meaning of "currency," it is only a secondary meaning of the word; probably an Americanism. "Currency" is a term that is applicable to anything which passes current as money. "Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," *Gen. xxiii. 16*. When, therefore, I stated that Mr. Gould speaks of a word under the similitude of a coin, while, as he says, he really speaks of a word under the similitude of "paper passing for money," the cause of the error must in justice be attributed to him for his having used, in a conventional and restricted sense, the word "currency," which is a general term for "the aggregate of coin, notes, bills, etc., in circulation in a country." If I have been misled as to Mr. Gould's meaning, it is his language which has misled me; for he not only speaks of spurious currency, but of its being unconsciously accepted as genuine, and mixed up and paid out with "standard currency." Surely this language is more applicable to coin than to paper, seeing that, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th edition, Vol. XV, p. 430, "by the standard of money is meant the degree of purity or fineness of the metal of which coins are made, and the quantity or weight of such metal in them." But Mr. Gould's use of the word "currency" is objectionable for another reason: he uses the word as if it were synonymous with promissory note; whereas the word is descriptive not of a part merely, but of the whole—"the aggregate of coin, notes, bills, etc., in circulation in a country." A promissory note may be current, as legal tender; but it is not "currency." That is a technical use of the word which a writer on the proprieties of language ought not to adopt. Furthermore, were I to grant, for the sake of argument, that "currency" means a promissory note, I should even then have still to learn how a promissory note can be purified by an endorsement.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1867.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: One of my literary friends, in whose judgement I have much confidence, has urged me to make a complete list, or statement, of the errors in *The Dean's English*; for the twofold purpose, of justifying my late assertion (in *The Round Table* of November 2) that Mr. Moon's book is very inaccurately written; and, of enabling those persons who have hitherto considered that book a model of English composition, to note its numerous blunders and to avoid imitating or following them.

I have already remarked, in a previous letter, that, on a second reading of Mr. Moon's book, I detected many errors which I overlooked in my first hasty perusal; I now add, that the more I examine the book, the more errors I discover.

It must be borne in mind, that *The Dean's English* was written for the avowed purpose of exposing the errors of *The Queen's English*; and, that the author of the latter work was forced by the strictures of the former to a reconstruction of his pages. Besides, the former work—former, that is, in my present order of mentioning the two—received the almost universal commendation of the British press. The British journals and periodicals not only spoke in high terms of Mr. Moon's powers as a critic, but also of his style as a writer of English. Indeed, I do not remember to have seen a single exception to the style of *The Dean's English* in any of the British or American notices of the book; and I the more incautiously allowed

myself to praise its style in my book, under the misleading of such general approval by the critics—of whom, among others, are *The Westminster* and *Quarterly Reviews*.

If, however, the style of the book in question is nevertheless very faulty, this large amount of praise, improperly bestowed, furnishes the strongest of reasons for an exposure of its faults. As Mr. Moon very justly says to Dean Alford: such an exposure "is the more necessary, because, on account of the position which you hold and the literary reputation which you enjoy, your modes of expression, if suffered to pass unchallenged, will, probably, by-and-by, be quoted in justification of the style of other writers who shall presume to damage by example, if not by precept, the highway of thought over which all desire to travel" (*Dean's English*, page 3).

That—which was properly addressed to Dean Alford—may, with equal propriety, be addressed to Mr. Moon.

One further preliminary remark. As, in the matter of style, the relative merits of *The Queen's English* and *The Dean's English* will be at least incidentally considered in what I shall say, it is proper for me to state that, with all quotations deducted, Dean Alford's book is larger than Mr. Moon's, in the proportion of three to one. Therefore, if it can be shown that Mr. Moon's book contains one-third of the number of faults that Mr. Moon has detected in the dean's book, the relative merit of the two books, in regard to style, must be precisely equal,—Mr. Moon being judge of the dean's work.

Mr. Moon's book may fairly be criticised in conformity to two sets of rules: namely, grammatical rules and Mr. Moon's rules. For Mr. Moon in his book, as well as in his essays in *The Round Table* on *Good English*, has put forth certain rules of his own which, although founded on no authority other than his own, at least bind him; as he cannot claim to hold another author subject to rules by which he himself is not bound.

I will treat of Mr. Moon's rules first, as they are of less importance than the rules of grammar.

In *The Round Table* of July 20 Mr. Moon says:

"The little word *so* is often misused in Mr. Gould's *Good English*. It occurs four times in four consecutive lines on page 213. I there read, 'The remainder, not being themselves embarrassed, cannot see why the clergyman should be *so*. But for all that, he is *so*;' it is in the nature of things that he should be *so*; and he is nearly helpless while he remains *so*."

Following Mr. Moon's example, I, in turn, quote from *The Dean's English*.

Page 2: "I therefore publish this my second letter to you; and I do *so* to draw forth criticism," etc.

Page 11: "they do frequently help to make the sense clearer, and would do *so* in this instance."

Page 26: "In contending for the law of position, as laid down by Lord Kames and others, I do *so* on the ground that," etc.

Page 42: "You recommend us to use plainness of speech, and when we mean a spade, to say *so*," etc.

Page 90: "You constitute yourself a teacher of the Queen's English. Were it not *so*, I should," etc.

Page 92: "If I had taken my examples, etc., I should have been justified in doing *so*," etc.

Page 140: "to turn his words right and left in observance of certain rules. The joke is, that he should do *so* after having advised," etc.

I call on Mr. Moon to say wherein my use of *so* "on page 213 of *Good English*" differs from his use of *so* in the cases above cited? and I assure Mr. Moon that his ignoring that "call" will not answer his purpose. He charges me with "misusing the word;" let him show that he has not misused it, by the same rule. My using the word "four times in four consecutive lines" is nothing to the matter in hand. Any man who understands the use of language can see that. Repetition, here, is no part of Mr. Moon's charge.

Again, in the paragraph which I have just partly quoted from *The Round Table* of July 20, Mr. Moon says, further:

"*So* and *such* are very greatly in favor with demonstrative young ladies; with them, every beautiful object is either *such* a beauty! or *so* beautiful! But expressions like those, to be correct, must be followed by a relative clause; e. g., *So* beautiful that all must admire it. Mr. Gould's expression, *so* totally, is of this character; it has no relative clause following it."

Very well. Here as elsewhere I will compare Mr. Moon's precepts with his practice.

Page 30: "I may remark that as you *so* strongly advocate our following the Greeks, I hope you will be consistent," etc.

Page 54: "Now, as you appeal *so* largely to common sense, let me ask," etc.

Page 77: "The existence of this paragraph, by which I *so* carefully qualify the acceptance, etc., you utterly ignore."

Page 112: "This ought not to be; for the effect of this error is *so* ridiculous, and the error itself may be *so* easily avoided."

I call on Mr. Moon to show me his "relative clauses following" those *so's*.

Again, in *The Round Table* of August 17, Mr. Moon quotes this from *Good English*: "This book has been frequently criticised, but not a word of *such* criticism has been seen by the present writer," etc.; and he remarks

that "*such* should be *that*, because *such* means *similar* but not *identical*."

Page 47 of *The Dean's English*: "There is a preface to the volume, and it accounts for the spelling of *such* words by," etc.

Page 55: "I am sure that they never dreamt of any such absurdities."

Page 73: "You betray the weakness of your cause when you have recourse to *such* a suppression."

Page 95: "But even a child would tell you that *such* an expression would be absurd."

Page 98: "Yet, believe me, *such* matters, unimportant as they may appear," etc.

Page 99: "And in proportion as you are successful in disseminating *such* notions," etc.

Page 107: "convince us of the advantage to be gained by adopting *such* a course."

I make these quotations brief to save space; but a fuller quotation would show that in each of the cases above cited Mr. Moon's "*such*" means *identical* and not *similar*.

In *The Dean's English*, page 110, Mr. Moon says to Dean Alford: "Among the peculiarities of style observable in your essays is your evident fondness for feeble expletives which add nothing to the meaning of the sentences to which they are attached." Mr. Moon then quotes seven sentences from *The Queen's English*, in which the words at all are the expletives, and he quotes nothing more in illustration of his charge. This is one of the seven: "Some found fault with me for dealing at all with the matter." Mr. Moon adds this comment: "I should much like to know the origin of the phrase, and what difference in the meaning of any of the above sentences there would be if the words were struck out."

That is Mr. Moon's entire "case" on the point of "expletives;" charge, specification, explanation, and all.

Dean Alford says, in defence of expletives (*Queen's English*, page 273):

"In writing, we often want them to redress the balance of a halting sentence, when any other way of doing so would mar the sense; or, to give weight to a term otherwise feeble; or, to fill out a termination which, without them, would be insignificant in sound. For these reasons the occasional use of expletives must be tolerated."

That is a well-reasoned and a well-expressed defence of expletives. It is a complete answer to Mr. Moon's cavilling. But let us see whether Mr. Moon, who is so intolerant of expletives in other people's writings—although he can find but seven in Dean Alford's book, which book is three times as large as his own,—let us see, I say, whether Mr. Moon uses expletives.

Page vii: "How far I have succeeded, each individual reader will determine for himself."

Page ix: "Improvements, it is true, have been made in some of the paragraphs."

Page 11: "though the defective position of words can never be compensated for by commas, they do frequently help," etc.

Page 13: "while noticing these ghostly existences, I may just remark," etc.

Page 21: "and yet it was evidently not of single individuals in social intercourse, etc., but of giving prominence to single individuals."

Page 29: "eke out the meaning of an active verb, given without any tense whatever."

Page 35: "In some sentences your pronouns have actually no nouns to which they apply."

I stop at the seventh instance, because seven is the number of "expletives" found by Mr. Moon in the dean's whole book; but the reader hereof can see, by the pages I cite, that the "expletives" in Mr. Moon's book are abundant, and he may infer that there are scores of them not here quoted.

It is needless to comment on this matter of expletives. Dean Alford shows that they are proper to be used, under certain circumstances, and Mr. Moon himself uses them under almost all circumstances. Hence the folly of his criticism on the dean.

Mr. Moon, in *The Round Table*, August 17, refers to the following sentence of mine—*Good English*, page 116: "Although from the dean's statements, *passim*, in *The Queen's English*, it seems that his book has been very frequently criticised in England, not a word of such criticism, except such as the dean himself quotes, has ever been seen by the present writer; a statement which must relieve him from the charge," etc.

Mr. Moon is happy to find several "errors" in that sentence; to one of which—my use of "*such*"—I have already referred. Here is another: He says that my second use of "statement" is tautology!

I have, in my discussions with Mr. Moon, so frequently referred to his seeming ignorance of the meaning of English words that it would seem almost tautological (I here use the word according to his notion of its meaning) on my part to enquire whether he knows the meaning of tautology? It means "a repetition of the same meaning in different words;" as, in Addison's lines,

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

But a repetition of the same word or words is another matter. That is merely "repetition," and is not at all tautology. And, as I elsewhere remarked, repetition is

not necessarily a fault; but, on the contrary, it is often a merit in the construction of a sentence.

In the instance selected by Mr. Moon the charge of repetition as a fault would be preposterous—as the reader can see for himself. But to call it "tautology," as Mr. Moon does, is to betray ignorance of the meaning of the word. And that is not all. I will waive the question of Mr. Moon's ignorance in the premises, and I will even admit, for the sake of argument, that to repeat a word in a sentence, after an interval of six lines, is tautology; and I will further admit that tautology is a fault, which of course it is, whether I admit it or not. Then let us see whether Mr. Moon is ever guilty of tautology.

A writer generally "takes heed to his ways" in his preface; he is apt to be exact and accurate there, if anywhere. I find on

Page viii: "I have given, in parallel columns in this edition, the sentences as originally published in *Good Words* and condemned in *The Dean's English*; and the altered sentences as they now appear," etc.

Page xi: "that he who had honored me with his expressions of friendship, and had thought it quite consistent with friendship that he should," etc.

I hope that Mr. Moon will henceforth keep quiet on "tautology."

In *The Round Table* of July 20, Mr. Moon quotes this sentence of mine: "I would like, now, briefly to call your attention to," etc. And he remarks on it, that *should* must be substituted for *would*, because "*would* is not pure English," in that sentence.

I have already replied to that remark of Mr. Moon's, treating the question "on its merits." I will now offer a practical comment on the same point by Mr. Moon himself, which may be thus described: Moon vs. Moon. On page 78 of *The Dean's English* is this sentence: "I assure you that, were you not the Dean of Canterbury, I would not answer your remarks." That is to say, Mr. Moon uses the word exactly as I use it. We both intend to express by it, and do express by it, the idea of intent, choice, volition; which idea *should* does not convey.

I must say a few words here about a careless blunder of my own in *The Round Table* of October 19. This is my first opportunity to refer to it, since I saw the error in print. In that paper I ask Mr. Moon why he uses the adjective *strange* instead of the adverb *strangely*, in a sentence that I quote from him. Judging from Mr. Moon's practice on adjectives and adverbs, I am in some doubt whether the author of *The Dean's English* can so answer that question as to justify himself; but as the question was itself a blunder, I prefer to anticipate the answer, by saying that the verb "sounds" in Mr. Moon's sentence is used in its neuter, or intransitive, sense, and it therefore requires the adjective instead of the adverb. The adjective "sounds" wrong, but it is right, nevertheless.

In my next communication, I will treat of Mr. Moon's actual errors in style and grammar, and of some instances of his bad taste as a writer. EDWARD S. GOULD.

THAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I would like to enquire whether Mr. Gould uses that correctly in the following sentences, which I quote from his letter of October 12, published in *THE ROUND TABLE* of November 2:

"Mr. Moon uses the word *such* in precisely the way that he says I must not use it."—1st paragraph.

"He uses the possessive in the way that my specifications require it to be used."—10th paragraph.

"Mr. Moon frequently uses *so* in the same manner that he tells me that 'demonstrative young ladies' use it."—3d paragraph.

The clauses introduced by *that*, in the extracts quoted above, are restrictive or explanatory of the nouns which they respectively follow; hence the word *that*, in each instance, ought to be, whether it is or not, a relative pronoun. If it is a relative, how can it be parsed? In what case is it? In the third extract the sense is obscure. If the clause, "he tells me," is used parenthetically, in the sense of as he tells me, then the first *that* must belong to the next clause, and is superfluous. If it is a relative pronoun introducing the clause "that he tells me," do not the words "same, that," relate to the act of telling, and not to the act of using?—which is nonsense. It seems to me that in the first and second quotations in which should be substituted for *that*. The last sentence quoted cannot be made "good English" without being reconstructed. Of course Mr. Gould writes with very great care when replying to so renowned a critic as Mr. Moon, and in any case it could hardly be expected that the same mistake would occur three times in one short letter; therefore, I suppose that he is prepared to maintain the correctness of the use in question. If so, I should be glad to hear from him.

Yours respectfully,

J. W. W.

BALTIMORE, November 12, 1867.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

GERMAN WORKS ON ENGLISH.*

II.

As it was the discovery of Sanskrit that afforded the key to modern philology generally, and to Aryan philology in particular, so it was the discovery and analysis of the fragments of the Gothic translation of the Scriptures that paved the way for a scientific philology of the Teutonic languages. "Without Gothic," says Jacob Grimm, "there would have been only twilight in German philology, never day." This translation, which is said to have included the whole of the Old and New Testaments, with the exception of the books of Kings, was executed about the year 380 by Ulfilas, bishop of the Goths inhabiting the district between the Danube and Mount Hæmus, and was used by the Goths generally during most of the stormy period of their existence, down as far as the ninth century at least. After this the translation as well as the language itself disappears from history almost entirely; the Goths having seemingly, instead of imposing like the Romans their language and manners upon the people whom they subdued, assimilated themselves to their new circumstances and neighbors. Thus it continued for nearly seven hundred years, when, in the sixteenth century, there came to light in the Abbey of Werden what proved to be a large portion of the Gothic translation of the Gospels. This splendid manuscript, dating from the end of the fifth century, after some variety of fortune, was taken by Count Königsmark at the siege of Prague in 1648 and sent to Stockholm. It was afterward bought by Count de la Gardie, bound in solid silver, and presented to the library of the University of Upsala, where it still remains. Its contents were first edited by Francis Junius, and published at Dortrecht in 1665, and again at Amsterdam in 1684. The next edition was that of Stjernhjelm, which appeared at Stockholm in 1671. Next came that of Archbishop Benzell, of Upsala, edited, after the author's death, by Edward Lye, who prefixed to it observations of his own and a Gothic grammar. It was published at Oxford in 1750. In 1773 appeared at Berlin the valuable edition of John von Ihre, given to the world with additions of his own by A. F. Büsching. Meanwhile, in 1756, there had been found in the library of Welferby, in a manuscript of nearly the same date as the *Codex Argenteus*, some fragments of the Epistle to the Romans, which were edited by Knittel, the finder, and published in 1762. They were likewise embodied in Zahn's edition of *Ulfilas*, published, with a grammar and glossary, by F. K. Fulda and W. F. H. Reinwald, at Weissenfels, in 1805. Editions of the Gospel of Matthew were published by S. Henshall, London, 1807, and by Schmeller, Stuttgart, 1827. About 1818 Cardinal Mai and C. O. Castiglione discovered in the monastery of Bobbio five palimpsests which contained, underneath more recent writing, extensive fragments of the Gothic Scriptures, comprising parts of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, as well as of the books of Esdras and Nehemiah. These were published by the discoverers—for the most part by Castiglione after the death of Cardinal Mai—at Milan, between the years 1819 and 1835. The importance of Gothic for philological purposes was largely demonstrated by Jacob Grimm in his *Deutsche Grammatik* and by Fr. Bopp in his *Vergleichende Grammatik*. The latter says: "When I read the reverend Ulfilas, I feel as if I were reading Sanskrit; his language occupies the middle ground between Sanskrit and German." In 1843 appeared at Leipzig Gabelentz and Löbe's edition of the text of all the remains of Gothic literature, with a literal translation into Latin, notes, *varie lectiones*, and valuable prolegomena. This was followed in 1849 by a Gothic grammar and dictionary, which leave nothing to be desired and nothing for future editors to do. The other editions that have been published since then are little more than abridgements of this.

Gothic, or, as it is generally though inaccurately called,

* I. *Ulfilas, Veteris et Novi Testamenti Versio in Gothice Fragmenta quæ superant ad Adam eod. castigata. Latinitate donata, annotatione critica instructa, cum glossario et grammatica Linguae Gothicae conjunctis curis ediderunt H. C. Gabelentz et Dr. J. Löbe. Lipsiæ. Brockhaus. 1843-46. 2 vols.*

II. *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie, in kritisch bearbeiteten Texten und mit vollständigen Glossar. Herausgegeben von C. W. M. Grein. Göttingen, 1855-59. 4 vols.*

III. *Die Lehren der Angelsachsen. Stabreimend überliefert von C. W. M. Grein. Göttingen.*

IV. *Wissenschaftliche Grammatik der englischen Sprache, von Eduard Fiedler und Dr. Carl Sachs. Leipzig. 1861. 2 vols.*

V. *Englische Grammatik von Eduard Mätzner. Berlin. 1860-62. 3 vols.*

VI. *Historische Grammatik der englischen Sprache, von C. Friedrich Koch. Vol. I.: Weimar, 1863. Vol. II.: Cassel und Göttingen, 1865. 2 vols.*

VII. *Geschichte der englischen Sprache dargestellt in ihrem Verhältnis zur deutschen und französischen, von Dr. Gust. Schneider. Freiburg im Breisgau, 1863. 1 vol.*

Meso-Gothic, has been claimed by many as the parent of High German, or at least as a High German dialect. This view has been ably combated by eminent philologists, and the truth seems to be that it is an elder sister of both High and Low German, though more closely resembling the latter than the former. Its close connection with Anglo-Saxon and with modern English may be readily seen by the following comparison of a short passage from *Mark* xli. 35 sq.:

"Waiva qþand	þai bokarjos	þatei kristus sunus
Ita [cwēþaþ] secegaþ	þā bōceras	þæt Crist sunus
How quoth	the bookers (scribes)	that Christ (the) son
ist daveidis.	Silba ank daveid qþ in	ahmin
sƿ Dauides? Syll [eac] David	cwæð to [þam] Gaste	
is David's? Self [eke] David	quoth to the Ghost	
veihamma.	qþiþ frauja du	frauja
[vigan] Hālgan.	Cwæð [fræ] Dryhten to [fræ]n Dryhtne	
Holy.	Quoth (the) Lord to	Lord
meinhamma.	Sit af taihevon	meinal
minum.	Sit on [of] swƿ þran (heafle) mine	
mine.	Sit on [off] right	mine.

Here the order of the Saxon version has been disarranged to show the resemblance of the different words, both in root and inflection, to the corresponding Gothic ones. The passage stands in the Anglo-Saxon Gospels thus: "Hu secegaþ þa bōceras þæt Crist sy Dauides sunu? David sylf cwæð to þam Hālgan Gaste, Dryhten cwæð to minum Dryhtne, Site on mine swyþram heafle." The Saxon words enclosed in brackets are synonymous with those immediately following them, and are given because they correspond etymologically to those standing above them. There is probably a greater difference than there would otherwise be between the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon versions of the Gospels from the fact that the former are translated immediately from the Greek, the latter from the Vulgate.

The most important contribution to the philology of the English language published of late years is Grein's *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie*, which contains all that is really of any value in Anglo-Saxon poetry, and is furnished with an admirable glossary and an alliterative translation into modern German. It is a work of great labor and research, and leaves no longer any excuse to English scholars for being ignorant of the ancient poetic treasures of their language. Anglo-Saxon poetry may be classed, with reference to subject, in two divisions: 1st, Pagan poetry, written for the most part before the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity; and 2d, Christian poetry, written after that event. To the former of these divisions may be reckoned the *Vidsid*, the *Battle of Finnsburg*, *Beowulf*, and perhaps the *Death of Byrhtnoth*; to the latter, the so-called *Paraphrase of Cedmon*, the somewhat various contents of the *Exeter Book* and *Codex Vercellensis*, the fragment of *Judith*, the *Ménologium* or poetical calendar, the fragmentary version of the *Psalms*, *Ælfred's Metres*, *Solomon* and *Saturn*, and a number of minor pieces, consisting chiefly of prayers, with a few poetical excerpts from the Saxon Chronicle.

Of the poems here classed as pagan, by far the longest and, in every sense, the most important is the epic of *Beowulf*, which holds to English the same relation that the great Homeric epics do to Greek. This poem, which is not mentioned by any Anglo-Saxon writer,* was not known to exist until the year 1705, when it was named and two short passages from it given by Wauley in the catalogue of the manuscripts in the Cotton library. After suffering considerably in the fire which in 1731 destroyed a large portion of the Cotton library, the manuscript was copied in 1786 by Thorkelin, whose edition of the poem, as already stated, appeared in 1815. Since then there have been several editions. That of Kemble was published, with a glossary and historical preface, in London, in 1833, and again, with translation, glossary, preface, and notes, in 1837. The next was that of Frederik Schaldemose, published, with notes and a Danish translation, at Copenhagen in 1851. Thorpe's edition, with a literal translation, notes, and glossary, appeared at Oxford in 1855. Kemble's and Thorpe's editions include the *Vidsid* and the *Battle of Finnsburg*, Schaldemose's the *Vidsid*. Beside the translations above mentioned, there is one into Danish by Grundtvig, Copenhagen, 1830; one into German by Ettmüller, Zürich, 1840, and one into English by A. D. Wackerbarth, London, 1849—all in verse. Numerous historical and critical essays on the poem have appeared in Denmark, Germany, and England.

To give even a slight sketch of *Beowulf*, consisting as it does, according to Grein's arrangement, of 3,183 double lines, would be here impossible. Some idea, however, of

*Kemble is of opinion that *Beowulf* in its original form dates as far back as the time of the invasion of England by the Saxons and Angles, though its present form is posterior to the seventh century. As the scenes and heroes are all Danish, and the name Saxon does not occur in it, it was probably composed in Denmark before the invasion of England.

the character of its heroes may be gleaned from the following passages, which we translate from M. Taine's *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Vol. I.:

"War is at every door, I know, but warlike virtues are behind every door; courage in the first place, and also fidelity. Beneath the brute is the free man, and also the man of feeling. There is not a man among them who cannot, at his own risk, make leagues, engage in foreign warfare, enlist in enterprises. There is not a group of men among them who in their witenagemot do not incessantly renew their alliances with others. Each family of kinsmen, in its march, forms a league, whereof all the members, 'brothers of the sword,' defend each other and claim for each other, at the expense of their blood, the price of blood. Every chief in his hall reckons that he has friends, and not hirelings, in the trusty men who drink his beer, and who, having received from him, as marks of esteem and confidence, bracelets, swords, and armor, will throw themselves between him and harm on the day of battle. Independence and hardihood seethe in this young world with violence and excess; but in themselves they are noble things, and the feelings which discipline them loving devotion and respect for the pledged word, are no less so. They appear in the laws, they shine forth in the poetry. It is greatness of heart which here supplies the imagination with its materials. The characters are not selfish and crafty like those of Homer. They are brave hearts, simple and strong, faithful to their kin, to their lord in the game of the swords, firm and steadfast toward enemies and friends; prodigal of courage and disposed to sacrifice" (pp. 30, 31).

"If ever there was anywhere a deep, serious poetical feeling it is here. They do not talk—they sing, or rather they shout. Each of their short verses is an acclamation, and bursts forth like the rolling of thunder; their mighty bosoms heave with the quaking of wrath or enthusiasm, and a phrase—an obscure, vehement word—suddenly, and in spite of them, comes upon their lips. No art, no natural talent to describe, one by one and in order, the different parts of an event or of an object. The fifty rays of light which every object sends in turn into calm, regulated minds reach theirs all at once, in one confused, fiery mass, to throw them into disorder by their sudden jerk and flow. Listen to those war songs—real songs, rugged and violent, befitting those terrible voices—even to-day, at this distance, separated from us by manners, language, and ten centuries, they are audible" (pp. 43, 44).

There is not, in all the Homeric poems, a scene equal to that in which *Beowulf*, after receiving his death wound, sits down on a stone and takes a retrospect of his life, and finding in the fifty winters of his kingship no cowardly or guileful or selfish act, declares himself well content and ready to die (vid. *Beowulf*, ed. Grein, 2,717 sq.) The classical world knows no hero equal to *Beowulf*.

The story of Cedmon's call to poetry is too well known to require repetition here. Whether the paraphrase which now goes by his name is that mentioned by Bede is questionable and somewhat improbable. The only known manuscript of it was, in the sixteenth century, the property of Archbishop Usher, who, after allowing Somner to use it for his dictionary, presented it to the learned Francis Junius, whose edition of Cedmon appeared at Amsterdam in 1655. This edition was used by Lye for his dictionary and, according to some, by Milton for his *Paradise Lost* (see Disraeli, *Amenities of Literature*). In 1827 Conybeare published in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* a few passages from Cedmon, along with an essay on their author and his works. Thorpe's edition, with an English translation, notes, and a verbal index, appeared in London in 1832. In 1843 Wright, in his *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, gave some account of Cedmon. In 1849 was published at Elberfeld and Gütersloh an edition of the text of Cedmon, by K. W. Bouterwek, which was followed in 1851 by a glossary, and in 1854 by an introduction. Two fragments were published by Greverus at Oldenburg, the *Creation* in 1852 and the *Fall of Man* in 1855. Three passages of considerable length were embodied by Ettmüller in his *Sōpas and bōceras*.

Cedmon's paraphrase is divided into two parts, the former including the incidents in the book of Genesis as far as the sacrifice of Isaac, the sojourn of Israel in Egypt from the book of Exodus, and the life of Daniel, the latter generally called *Christ and Satan* or, simply, *Satan*; comprising a speech of Satan after his fall and an account of Christ's descent into Hades to liberate all the believers who, up to the time of his incarnation, had been confined there, and ending with the Ascension and a short picture of the last judgement. The nature of Cedmon's poetry we shall learn from M. Taine, the ablest historian and critic of English literature that has yet appeared—to our shame be it said. He writes:

"This solitude, this feeling of the immeasurable dark beyond, this earnest, melancholy eloquence, are the beginnings of spiritual life; we find nothing similar among the peoples of the South, naturally pagan and occupied with the present life. These others, albeit barbarians, enter at once into Christianity by mere force of temperament and climate. What though they be rude, dense, bridled by childish superstitions, capable, like King Knut, of paying a hundred talents of gold for the arm of St. Augustine? They have the idea of God. This great God of the Bible, omnipotent and sole, who disappears almost entirely in the middle ages, thrown into the shade by his court and his family, subsists among them in spite of silly and grotesque legends. They do not blot him out with pious romances for the benefit of the saints, or with feminine tenderness for the benefit of the infant Jesus and the Virgin. Their loftiness and severity raise them to his level; they are not tempted, like peoples that are artists and praters, to substitute pleasant or pretty tales for religion. More than any other race in Europe they approach, by the simplicity and energy of their conceptions, the old Hebrew spirit. Enthusiasm is their natural condition, and their new God fills them with admiration.

as their old gods thrilled them with fury. They have hymns, real odes, which are but a mass of exclamations. No development; they are incapable of restraining or explaining their passion; it bursts forth; there is nothing but transport at the aspect of the Almighty God."

There are passages in this *Beowulf* which Milton has never exceeded.

The manuscript known as the *Exeter Book* was presented, between the years 1046 and 1073, by Bishop Leófric to the Cathedral of Exeter, where it is still preserved. Its contents were first enumerated by Wauley, and in 1826 Conybeare gave a description of the manuscript and an analysis and a few specimens of its contents. One whole piece from it, *The Phoenix*, was published with a Danish translation by Grundtvig at Copenhagen in 1840, and two years afterward Thorpe published in London his edition of the entire collection, with an English translation, notes, and indexes. Since then various portions of it have appeared in the *recueils* of Ettmüller and others.

The most important poems in the *Exeter Book* are *Azarias*, the story of the three youths in the fiery furnace, *Cynewulf's Crist*, *The Phoenix*, *The Legend of St. Juliana*, *The Legend of St. Guthlac*, and the above-mentioned *Vidsid*. Beside these there are a large number of short allegorical and other poems, a rhymed song, and a collection of riddles, some of which last are exceedingly curious. The *Codex Verdelensis* was found in 1823, by Friedrich Blume, in the monastery of Vercelli, and its contents were privately printed under the superintendence of Thorpe in 1836. Two of the pieces in it were published by Grimm in 1840. It contains the following poems: *The Legend of St. Andrew*, *The Fates of the Apostles*, *The Speeches of the Souls*, *On the Falseness of Men*, *Dream-Vision of the Holy Cross*, and *Elene*, or *The Legend of the Finding of the Cross*, the last being by Cynewulf.

The fragment of *Judith*, of which the original manuscript is in the Cotton library, was first published by Thwaites in 1693, from a copy by Francis Junius; then by Thorpe in his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* in 1834, and afterward by Ettmüller in his *Scopas and bécenas*. This is one of the most powerful poems in the Saxon language. The passage describing the murder of Holofernes was perhaps never equalled for concentrated expression of fierce hate.

The *Menologium*, of which the original manuscript is also in the Cotton library, was first published by Hickes in his thesaurus, and afterward in 1830, with a translation and notes, by Samuel Fox. It is also to be found in Ebeling's Anglo-Saxon reading-book, which appeared in 1847.

The metrical paraphrase of the *Psalms* from 51 to 159, dating as far back as the eighth century, and probably executed, by Aldhelm, was first published by Thorpe at Oxford in 1835, from a manuscript in the *Bibliothèque Impériale* of Paris. Fragments of some other of the psalms have been gleaned from different sources. The whole of the fiftieth psalm was published from a Cotton manuscript by Fr. Dietrich, at Marburg, in 1855.

Alfred's Metres of Boethius require little notice. They were published for the first time at Oxford, in 1698, in Rawlinson's edition of *Alfred's Boethius*, and afterward, with an English translation and notes, by S. Fox, London, 1835. There is also a translation of them by Tupper. The fragments of *Solomon and Saturn* were published in London in 1843, from two Cotton manuscripts, by Kemble, who added an English translation and prefixed an historical preface.

We have now enumerated all the contents of Grein's *Bibliothek* with the exception of a few minor poems, such as those occurring in the Saxon Chronicle, which hardly require to be mentioned. As we pass our eyes over the list and reflect that these are probably but a very inconsiderable portion of the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, we are constrained to wish that William the Conqueror had never set his foot on English shores. Indeed, one of the worst fruits of his invasion was that it left England *sine vite sacro* for three hundred years—yea, if we omit the name of Chaucer, for five hundred. So true is it that freedom and unity are necessary to the growth of poetry in a nation. Now that the spirit work of the Anglo-Saxons comes forth from the recesses wherein it has slept for a thousand years, we seem to feel that it is we who have been sleeping, and that the seven hundred years' tyranny of the Normans has been but a long nightmare. Waking up, we recover the old consciousness with its grand ineffable images and painful riddles. The beyond still stands with great blind eyes, sphinx-like, before us, and we feel that we pass from mystery to mystery. But we do not lose ourselves in inaction and mystic contemplation; the North Sea tide that fifteen hundred years ago swept over Britain has again burst its flood-gates, and threatens to inundate the world.

The subject of Anglo-Saxon prose we must reserve for our next, and concluding, article.

SOUND.*

THESE lectures were given originally, and have now been published in book form, as appears from the author's preface, for the purpose of satisfying "a growing desire for scientific culture throughout the civilized world." The desire is natural and, under the circumstances, perhaps inevitable; for a power which influences so mightily the intellectual and material action of the age could not fail to arrest attention and challenge examination. In our schools and universities a movement in favor of science has begun which, no doubt, will end in the recognition of its claims, both as a source of knowledge and as a means of discipline. Indeed, that movement is pretty far advanced, and the end in which the claims will be recognized cannot be reckoned but a short way ahead. Professor Tyndall has done his full share toward conducting the popular mind, by easy and pleasant stages, to the end. He was among the first experimenters in the field of *correlation of forces*, it will be remembered. Some of the results of his experiments are presented in a work published not long ago under the head of *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*. *Correlation* is not forgotten in the book before us, we find; for considerable portions of it are devoted to illustrations bearing upon the subject. But our office, in particular, is to convey some idea of the general plan of the book. It may be called fairly a treatise upon the science of sound. It is both theoretical and practical. In it the author seems to have tried to render the science of acoustics interesting to all intelligent persons, including those who do not possess any special scientific culture. The subject is treated experimentally throughout, and the endeavor appears to have been to place each experiment before the reader in such a manner that he should realize it as an actual operation—such as to give distinct images of the various phenomena of acoustics, and to cause them to be seen mentally in their true relations. To assist the mental vision in its receiving of the images numerous very appropriate figures are presented to the natural eye.

From among the many noticeable items which we have marked, we cite a few: A musical sound is produced by sonorous shocks which follow each other, at regular intervals, with a sufficient rapidity of succession; while noise is caused by an irregular succession of sonorous shocks. The human ear is limited in its range of hearing musical sounds. If the vibrations number less than 16 a second, we are conscious of the separate shocks only. If they exceed 38,000 a second, the consciousness of sound ceases altogether. The range of the best ear covers about 11 octaves. This transcends far the range of the eye, which hardly exceeds one octave. The human vocal organ is a reed instrument, the reed which vibrates consisting of elastic bands placed on the top of the trachea, and capable of various degrees of tension. When a brilliant sensitive flame illuminates an otherwise dark room, in which a suitable bell is caused to strike, a series of periodic quenchings of the light by the sound occurs. Every stroke of the bell is accompanied by a momentary darkening of the room.

A most marvellous flame is that which issues from the single orifice of a steatite burner, reaching a height of 24 inches. The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to 7 inches. At the shaking of a bunch of keys within its hearing it is agitated violently, and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand containing other coin, at a distance of 20 yards, knocks the flame down. The creaking of boots, the crumpling or the tearing of a bit of paper, or the rustling of a silk dress sets it in commotion. It is startled by the patter of a rain-drop. The ticking of a watch, so faint as not to be detected by the ear, has an effect upon it. The twitter of a distant sparrow, or the note of a cricket, shakes it down. Like a trained dog, it heeds the chirping of its master, and falls and roars. It manifests a talent for criticising poetry; for upon the recitation, in its presence, of a passage from Spenser, it picked out certain sounds—notice some by the slightest nod, bowing more distinctly to others, making obeisance very profound to others, turning an entirely deaf ear to many. Query—Whether it would not give the cut direct to a large proportion of our so-called poets? We are afraid it would, and we advise aspirants for poetical fame to submit their effusions for approval of their "numerous circles of friends" rather than for that of it!

It seems that to Pythagoras, who lived nearly 600 years before the Christian era, and who originated the

idea of the earth's rotation, we are to attribute the discovery of what Professor Tyndall puts into a formula for the "remarkable law that the combination of two notes is the more pleasing to the ear, the smaller the two numbers which express the ratio of their vibrations."

That reference to musical intervals brings us to a question concerning the several intervals in the diatonic scale. As far as we know, all the musical educators tell us, both in their books and by word of mouth, that the scale consists of five tones and two half-tones. But we find here that the intervals are bounded severally by the numbers 24, 27, 30, 32, 36, 40, 45, and 48; so that the intervals from 1 to 2 and from 2 to 3 are each represented by 2:24, while the interval from 3 to 4 is represented by 2:24, thus making the former of the two "semi-tones" of the teachers two-thirds of a tone instead. Again, the intervals from 4 to 5 and from 5 to 6 are each represented by 4:24, making the second class of steps one-third longer than the first class. Yet again, the interval from 6 to 7 is represented by 5:24, giving rise to a third class of steps one-fourth longer than the second. Then from 7 to 8 the interval is 3:24, giving origin to a second class of half-steps, longer by one-half than the first class of half-steps and equal with the first class of full steps. What light have the diatonic instructors—Professors Bradbury, Baker, and others—to shed upon the matter?

Sound is reflected, refracted, condensed, and destroyed, by interference of waves, like light. We enquire respectfully of Dr. Tyndall whether it is exactly correct to say that the sound (or the light) is destroyed? The manifestation, in either case, is an effect of an acting force which, as we understand, the professor himself claims cannot be annihilated. Hence, would it not be more scientific to assert that, when two waves come together, as shown, the so-called imponderable agent of one kind is converted into one of another kind? We should be glad if the learned author would favor us with an answer to this enquiry.

LIBRARY TABLE.

IN BONDS: A Novel. By Laura Preston. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867.—To the eye of faith all things are possible, and authors usually seem endowed with a remarkable capacity for its exercise, even in those crowded and highly critical communities where none can be quite unaware of the standard which must be attained in order to avoid ignominious failure. On the far Pacific coast young genius may, indeed evidently does, expand, unfettered by such palpable but rigid trammels of taste or by superfluous timidity. There, where there is no man to make him afraid, the callow author writes, sustained by faith, and finds publishers apparently of equally sanguine temperament. In those thinly populated districts, where nature probably seems new to people and art undoubtedly is far off, the inhabitants perhaps experience, in greater or less degree, that desire to sacrifice themselves which was often manifested in the middle ages by dwellers in places equally uncomfortable. When reading *In Bonds* we are reminded of the labors of those enthusiastic Christians who walked about with pens in their shoes or made crosses with their tongues on dirty floors, and by such ignominious suffering expressed the strength as well as the nature of their faith. Nothing but a similar feeling with a different object—a conviction equally strong and self-abnegatory—could have sustained the author of *In Bonds* while covering 458 dreary pages with so many words and not one idea. Not to express an idea must, indeed, have been part of the author's plan, for surely no one could have written so long without now and then striking one out accidentally. That Miss Preston was sustained by superior considerations we can believe, but what kept up the hapless beings who shared her toil but not her enthusiasm, the unfortunate slaves of the printing-office who were compelled, nevertheless, to typify her labors? It must be that the California climate, so favorable to the magnificent growth of potatoes and fruit, induces an exceptional serenity of temper; and that printers, publishers, and public can endure all things sooner than bring themselves to snub the ambitious but amiable scribblers whose worst fault is that their zeal outruns their capacity. Probably, also, California publishers differ from ours as much as do California potatoes, and not one can be found with as much resemblance to his rugged Eastern brother as will enable him to say "No" to an appealing author. Was it the climate or a sublime audacity that prompted a Californian to send forth such a boldly palpable imitation of one of Thackeray's happiest efforts as we have lately seen? Perhaps, surrounded by a glorious golden atmosphere, "wherein it seemed always afternoon," the writer really believed his work to be original, or like old garments remodelled by some skillful Hebrew—that is, was "better ash new." Whatever he thought, his faith availed to reach across the continent and induce one of the wary dwellers in the great Atlantic metropolis to risk

* *Sound: A Course of Eight Lectures, delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.

its publication. California used to be the land of promise to all those discontented and desperate energies who found their native states too conventional and depressing; so, in these later days, the unappreciated intellect of the Atlantic shore may find hope and consolation in the arms of the sympathetic *literati* of the Golden Land. For us in the East it is instructive to study the results of living in a genial climate, equally far from the cold northern winds that nip untimely blossoms in the bud and from the colder blasts of a civilized criticism.

Bryan Maurice; or, The Seeker. By the Rev. Walter Mitchell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—This is a New England religious novel. Its aim is to show how a young Harvard Unitarian, subjected to the training of Parker and Emerson and such thinkers, found his way into the Episcopal Church. It is written by a gentleman of literary ability, well known in cultivated circles, until lately, as one of the best contributors to *The Atlantic*, and now the rector of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia. There are evidences that the author has woven a good deal of personal history into the characters of his story, whose scenes are laid in localities familiar to every New Englander, and among whose characters is a New England bishop. But we do not object to this. The author has not gone further than many a novelist in drawing his subjects from real life. He has done what very few American writers have as yet done. He has written a very strong religious novel (and our sabbath writers do not run to that kind of novel); he has yet written a work which commends itself to all classes of readers; and he has written an Episcopal novel which is not full of all manner of flings at everybody else. This disgusts us in many of the Church publications, and we can assuredly tell the writers it does not advance their cause; it disgusts us especially in *The Church Review*, which, however ably edited (and it has articles at times of great value), is so tinctured with this wretched personality and bigoted abuse against other religious bodies that it requires a strong moral effort to read it. We are quite sure such a publication does not represent the tone of that Church toward other Christian bodies; for we have ourselves found its members unusually charitable and, for those who hold a positive faith, generous toward others.

But to this novel. Mr. Mitchell has really produced a story of much value; while it is very positive in its arguments, it is gentlemanly and courteous, and we have read it without having our feelings unduly ruffled. We have obtained a better notion of what the Episcopal Church actually teaches and holds, and the reasons therefor, than from any work with which we are acquainted. It is not a story of much variety in respect of plot and scenery. It begins at Rome, and takes its young neophyte to Harvard and thence to Connecticut, where he makes trial of Unitarianism in a Universalist parish, and is finally led to seek a new home. The book is largely made up of discussions, but we are bound to say they are not tiresome. The author has a crisp, clear style, and in a genial way can use the keenest satire. We doubt whether any better exposition of the decadence of Unitarianism can be found.

The book has a particular value for the general reader, because it meets bravely the religious doubt of our time. It has something of the healthy tone of *Ecco Homo*; it shows how the educated religious doubter may consistently have a strong belief and be helped out of his difficulties; it deals with him as one brother would with another; and we have to thank this new author for a work which will be a blessing to many a young man who would be a Christian believer if he only could see his way clearly out of the fog. The general haziness of many of our cultured men and general writers for the press would be cleared up a good deal, we are inclined to believe, by a perusal of the work; and we are very grateful to any man who does anything to eradicate the disease of scepticism, the unbelief in the objective facts of religion which eats into the heart of nearly every earnest and thinking man of our time. The tendency in most books on such subjects, as in *Thorndale* and *Henry Hobbes*, is to leave the reader where they found him; not, as in *Ecco Homo* and *Deus Homo*, to help him; and *Bryan Maurice* deserves in its rank a place on the same shelf with these notable volumes.

Legion Hall. By Mark Lemon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—There is perhaps no period in English history so fertile in romantic incident and adventure as the time of Charles the First. Ainsworth, James, and a host of novelists have drawn inspiration from it, and Mr. Mark Lemon has given us a story in which the characters and scenes are drawn with that dramatic skill which he is well known to possess; and though the story does not reach the recognized dimensions of a novel, it has the merit of containing as great a variety of incidents as are many times found in a work of more pretension, encumbered with a superfluity of padding. It is long enough to occupy a spare hour, and short enough to ensure it from becoming wearisome. Although the days of England's great revolution are remote, and the manners of those busied in that strife differ somewhat from our own, yet the struggle from which

we have so lately emerged has enabled us to estimate the danger which surrounds soldiers and civilians in times of civil war, and to feel an interest in their checkered fortunes. Jealousy is the chief ingredient in the domestic portion of the story, and though we may admire Master Leyton as a hero, we cannot forgive him for harboring the "green-eyed monster" through long years, at the expense of his own happiness and that of the gentle Maud. In due course of time, however, the mystery is cleared up, and he is rewarded with a wife who is by far too good for him. Mr. Mark Lemon is too good a dramatist to spin a farce out to the size of a drama, and the little sketches which go to fill up the volume are even more interesting than that from which it derives its name. *The Talking Shell* is a pretty little story with a moral, and the *Christmas Tales* arrive appropriately at this season. Altogether the book is a pleasant one—pleasant to read, pleasant to remember,—one which has made no very serious demands upon the brains of the writer, and requiring from the reader no greater exercise of thought than consists in being interested and amused.

Dealings with the Fairies. By George MacDonald. London: Alexander Strahan; New York: George Routledge. 1867.—There is something at once attractive and humanizing in the aspect of a great man whose mind is habitually absorbed by serious studies, but who yet can for a time throw aside his anxious questionings and, leaving the region of abstruse thought, devote his moments of relaxation to the amusement as well as the instruction of the little ones who may, at no very distant period, follow in his footsteps; recalling in his pleasant intercourse with them the feelings and enjoyments of his youth, joining in their sports and pleasures, winning their confidence, directing their thoughts, encouraging in their little hearts a love for what is good and noble, and filling their minds with child-lore which is not without its uses in after life. The admirers of Sir Walter Scott's poetry and the inexhaustible *Waverley* novels have acquired early in youth a feeling almost akin to affection for the great author to whose sympathetic love for children they are indebted for the *Tales of a Grandfather*; and the rising generation will have a keener appreciation of the beauties of *Hyppatia* and *Hereward* when they remember that they first became acquainted with the eminent man who wrote them through the medium of *Water Babies*. Like Mr. Kingsley's admirable fairy tale, Mr. MacDonald's *Dealings with the Fairies* is written ostensibly for children; both books have a significance which reaches at times beyond the region of child-thought; but, apart from this fact, there is but little resemblance between them, nor would we for a moment be understood to institute a comparison. Although it would be impossible for Mr. MacDonald to produce anything in which the unmistakable marks of genius were not somewhere visible, yet we are compelled to acknowledge that these stories are not in his happiest vein; he is more at home with the realities of life; nothing can be more exquisite than his portraiture of the children in *Alice Forbes*; but though his fairies will not compare with them they are yet by no means devoid of interest, and form the subject of quaint little stories in which, as the author says: "More is meant than meets the ear." We would not on any account forestall the interest which our young readers will feel in the doings of this new race of fairies, and therefore refrain from giving them any insight into the plots; but we chiefly recommend to their attention *The Shadowes*, and the last and best, *The Golden Key*. The book affords Mr. Arthur Hughes an opportunity of letting his pencil career in the most wild and fanciful and, at the same time, the most skillful illustrations.

Portia, and other Stories of the Early Days of Shakespeare's Heroines. By Mary Cowden Clarke. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.—The modest preface which precedes the fine, interesting sketches contained in this volume at once disarms criticism and bespeaks for the authoress a greater degree of indulgence than her work demands. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit and meaning of the great dramatist, conversant with his works by long and patient study which, through years, she devoted to the compilation of the only existing concordance to Shakespeare, Mrs. Cowden Clarke has conceived the bold and original idea of making a fancied narrative of the early days of some of his heroines; tracing their youthful histories, surrounding the prominent figures with all that her imagination can suggest, placing them in every variety of situation, and weaving into the scenes of their domestic life such incidents as seem most likely to have occurred prior to their appearance upon the stage as interpreters of the immortal poet's thought. The story of Portia is gracefully written, and seems to lead naturally to the events with which all readers are conversant. Greater skill, however, is shown in sketching the early life of *The Thane's Daughter*; her future career is foreshadowed in those mysterious and prophetic warnings for which Scotland has always been celebrated, while the indications of that resolute and masculine spirit which subsequently declared itself are very artistically touched. The local atmosphere and surroundings in

each of the stories are very well maintained, and *The Magnifico's Child* is a little romance in itself. Few writers would have ventured to make such an attempt, and we know of none who would have accomplished it with more tact and delicacy.

The Day of Doom; or, a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgement; with other Poems. By Michael Wigglesworth, A.M., Teacher of the Church at Malden, in New England. 1662. Also a Memoir of the Author, Autobiography, and Sketch of his Funeral Sermon, by Rev. Cotton Mather. From the Sixth Edition, 1715. New York: American News Company. 1867.—Lovers of antiquarian lore will welcome the reissue of a book that in its day and generation made no little stir, and won for its author a reputation which survived him nearly a century. *The Day of Doom* was the *Dies Ira* of Puritan theology, with whose rigidity and gloomy fanaticism it is thoroughly imbued; a work which those of the Religion valued more for its piety, which they could understand, than for its poetry, which they couldn't. Indeed it has far more of the former than of the latter, though, as the editor says in a preface which gives, on the whole, a very fair estimate of the author's merits, "there are passages in his writings that are truly poetical both in thought and expression, and which show that he was capable of attaining a higher position as a poet than can now be claimed for him." But the work is chiefly interesting as an exposition of Puritan dogma on the subject of judgement and future punishment, which indeed was repulsive enough to frighten away all the Muses.

Original Poems. Illustrated. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons, 1868.—No daintier gift for a book-loving child can well be devised than this charmingly printed and prettily illustrated little volume. Messrs. Routledge & Sons will endeavor themselves to all the little folks if they issue many more such treasures. As for the poems themselves, we shall only say that they are of a nature to be readily understood by children of average intelligence, and their moral tone is unexceptionable. The truant boys all get properly drowned, and the idle boys grow up to a wicked manhood and are deservedly hung. What more could the most anxious parent desire? The pictures are above the average of similar volumes, and the book, we trust, will gladden many little hearts in the coming holidays.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- BENEFITMAN & WILSON, Philadelphia.—Leaf Prints; or, Glimpses at Photography. By Charles F. Himes, Ph.D. Pp. 35. 1868.
SHELDON & Co., New York.—A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D. By his sons, Francis and H. L. Wayland. 2 vols. Pp. 329, 372. 1867.
Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book and Young Housekeeper's Assistant. New and enlarged edition. Pp. xxiii, 332. 1867.
HURD & HORTON, New York.—Works of Charles Dickens. Globe edition. Illustrated by Dalry and Gilbert. Our Mutual Friend. Four volumes in one. Pp. vii, 311, 306, 306, 281. 1867.
One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Bigham: A Tale of Tappan Zee. By Edward Hopper. Pp. 232. 1867.
A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York (S. W. Partridge, London).—Hymn Writers and Their Hymns. By the Rev. S. W. Christophers. Pp. xlv, 490. 1867.
LEYFOLDT & HOLZ, New York.—La Littérature Française Contemporaine, Tirées des Œuvres de P. Poitevin, M. Roche, L. Grangier, G. Vapereau, etc., etc. Pp. 310. 1868.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Old Curiosity Shop; By Charles Dickens. People's edition. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. Pp. 633.
Letters from Europe. By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States. Pp. 406.
E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston.—A Winter and Summer at Burton Hall: A Tale for Children. By Mrs. R. J. Greene. With illustrations. Pp. 213. 1868.
Boy Artists; or, Sketches of the Childhood of Michael Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, Watteau, and Sebastian Götz. Translated from the French of Madame Eugénie Fox. Pp. 176. 1868.
Lessons for the Instruction of Children in the Christian Life. By Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D. Pp. 160. 1868.
Shik-Shak. By Oscar Pletsch.
Little Folks. By the same.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Lives of the Queens of England. From the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland. Revised and edited by Caroline G. Parker. Pp. 675. 1867.
Macé's Fairy Book. Home Fairy Tales. By Jean Macé. Translated by Mary L. Booth. With engravings. Pp. ix, 304. 1867.
Three English Statesmen: A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. Pp. 298. 1867.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—The History of the Church of God during the Period of Revelation. By Rev. Charles Colcock Jones, D.D. Pp. xlii, 558. 1867.
The Old Roman World: the Grandeur and Failure of its Civilization. By John Lord, LL.D. Pp. 605. 1867.
G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Human Life. By William Sweetzer, M.D. Pp. xvi, 322. 1867.
A Landscape Book. By American artists and American authors. Sixteen engravings on steel. Pp. 108. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Trial of John H. Surratt in the Criminal Court for the District of Columbia. How George F. Fisher presiding. 2 vols. Pp. ii, 138. 1867.
Black and White: A Journal of a Three Months' Tour in the United States. By Henry Latham, M.A. Pp. xii, 304. 1867. (London: Macmillan & Co.)
The Story of the Regiment. By W. H. Locke, A.M., Chaplain. Pp. xii, 401. 1868.
NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston.—Among the Birds. By Edward A. Samuels. Pp. viii, 223. 1868.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—A New System of Infantry Tactics, Double and Single Rank. By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, U.S.A. Pp. 332. 1867.
N. TIBBALS & Co., New York.—Who was Jesus? Pp. 71. 1867.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Margaret, the Pearl of Navarre. Pp. 239.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.

We have received *The Holy Bible*, with illustrations by G. Doré, Part xvi. La Fontaine's Fables, with illustrations by the same. Part vi. Cassell, Pether & Galpin, London and New York; The Old Old Story, E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston; Civil Service of the United States; Ticknor & Fields, Boston; Fifteenth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of the City of

New York: *Aesthetics in Collegiate Education*, by George M. Comfort, A.M.; *Benedict's Time Table*.
We have also received current issues of the following magazines: *The London Society*, *The Catholic World*, *The Lady's Friend*.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE rapid progress which this magnificent enterprise has made toward completion is a matter for national congratulation. There is something very grand and impressive in the idea that a scheme so stupendous as once to have been ridiculed as utopian has not only been commenced but is now actually on the eve of successful consummation. From the Missouri River to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—a distance of more than five hundred miles—the line is already completed. The company have literally worked like beavers to accomplish this result. Men certainly have never yet built so long a line of railroad within the same time. Over five hundred miles in eighteen months—for it is no longer since ground was broken at Omaha—is, we believe, a feat quite unparalleled. We must remember too that it is not the eastern branch of the road alone which is in rapid process of construction. The western division is also being energetically pushed by the Central Pacific Company of California. The two extremities are constantly nearing each other, and it is now confidently expected that the whole grand line will be open to travel early in the year 1870.

The expenditures thus far of the Union Pacific Railroad Company have been a little in excess of \$40,000,000; and it is estimated that some \$33,000,000 more will be required to complete the work. That this will be readily forthcoming there is not now the slightest doubt. Already in its unfinished condition the earnings of the road from way business are more than double the current expenses. We are credibly assured that these earnings for the three months ending July 31 amounted to more than four times the interest upon the bonds which could be issued upon the number of miles in operation. As the road progresses it comes nearer and nearer to the great mining regions of the central continent and thus opens fresh sources of profitable traffic. We look to hear of discoveries of the precious metals within the coming two years which will entirely pay for the great railroad itself. The prophecy seems hazardous, but we are not without reasonable data to justify us in making it. But apart from considerations of this kind we have not the least misgiving of the ample financial success of the Union Pacific Railroad. That its bonds will go to as high a figure in the sequel as have those of the great steamship company trading to the same terminus, we think there is every reason to anticipate.

Westward, indeed, does the march of empire take its way! In a very few years the extraordinary experience of our present most flourishing Western States will be extended straight across the continent, until from ocean to ocean there shall exist an uninterrupted succession of rich, growing, and, as we trust, happy peoples. Such a condition of things, probably inevitable in the long run, has been greatly facilitated and hastened by the wise action of our government, and it is truly satisfactory to be able in this respect unreservedly to compliment and applaud it. The main features of the government concession may be usefully stated. They amount to \$16,000 per mile for the first 517 miles on the plains; \$48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; and \$32,000 per mile for the remaining distance. To this is to be added the land grant, which amounts to 12,800 acres to the mile, and much of which will hereafter be of enormous value. In order to assure as far as possible the quality of the work, two government directors by law take part in the direction of all the affairs of the company and report through the President to Congress. These gentlemen are required to inspect each successive section of twenty miles and to pronounce it a first-class road in construction and equipment before the section can be opened to public business or the bonds for that number of miles be issued. It is, therefore, very fairly claimed that these bonds represent not a prospective work which promises to be built, but a completed one in active operation.

From every point of view this stupendous work is honorable and important to the country, and it is undoubtedly to the interest of every member of the community that it should be rapidly and successfully completed. It is also a great object to Europe. Throughout the vast plains heretofore occupied by savages or lying vacant in solitary grandeur a new and attractive expanse will now be opened, presenting the advantages of safety, fertility, and ready access which will make it inviting and remunerative to the immigrant. For some time these lands can be had at comparatively low rates, although the rise in their price which will follow the completion of the railway will be very great. The entire population of Europe could readily be sustained in the country to be traversed by this line of rail without calling upon either the Mississippi valley or the teeming coast of the Pacific. In this respect, therefore, that it affords an almost exhaustless resource for the surplus and overworked populations of the Old World, the building of the Union Pacific Railroad is desirable for

others beside ourselves. We feel justified in recommending the bonds of this company to our European friends who may seek profitable investments as well as to friends at home. Few securities offer such substantial safety coupled with a probability so apparently limitless of future appreciation.

LITERARIANA.

MR. GEORGE P. PHILES, long and favorably known to scholars for his researches in the devious byways of literature, has lately added to his reputation for curious learning by his publication of the *Bhagat-Geeta*, or *Dialogues of Kreesna and Arjoon*, translated by Charles Wilkins. The work is an exact reprint of the London edition of 1785, published, as we are informed by the advertisement prefixed, "under the authority of the Court of Directors of the East India Company, by the particular desire and recommendation of the Governor-General of India; whose letter to the chairman of the company will sufficiently explain the motives for its publication, and furnish the best testimony of the fidelity, accuracy, and merit of the translator." The Governor-General of India here spoken of is no other than the renowned Warren Hastings, and his "letter to the chairman of the company," Nathaniel Smith, Esq., gives a new insight into the talents and learning of that most remarkable man. The poem itself is an episode from the great Hindoo epic, the *Mahabharat*, which relates to the wars of the Kooras and Pandoo, branches of the house of Bhaurut. If its age be correctly stated at four thousand years, it is older than the *Iliad*, and its reputed author, Kreesna Dwypayen Veio, seems to have rendered to Hindoo mythology a similar service to that given by Homer to the religion of Greece, in reducing, to quote the words of Hastings, "the gross and scattered tenets of their faith into a scientific and allegorical system." But there the comparison between the two poems ends; for the Hindoo epic is as full of metaphysical subtleties and speculative abstractions as the Grecian is simple, realistic, direct. In these dialogues Kreesna, another name for Bhagvat, God, instructs his favorite pupil Arjoon, one of the five sons of Pandoo, in the proper conduct of life, in the practical duties of religion, and the mysteries of birth and death. In short, the student of Sanscrit will feel himself again indebted to Mr. Philes's taste, learning, and liberality for what is really a very curious "and at the same time" very complete "specimen of the Literature, the Mythology and Morality of the Ancient Hindoos." Of the mechanical execution of the volume we need only say that it is printed in the very best style of the Bradstreet press. The issue is limited to 201 copies, printed for subscribers, and bids fair to rank some day among the treasures of bibliophiles.

PRIVATE libraries of a really sterling character must be greatly on the increase in this country. One has only to observe the quality of the standard publications ventured by our leading houses to make sure that, in spite of the periodic outcries about literary trash, the taste of the public is substantially advancing. Such admirable editions as Messrs. Little & Brown's twelve-volume *Burke* and Mr. W. V. Spencer's *Essays and Dissertations* of John Stuart Mill now find a sale which would have been impossible twenty years ago. We mention these capital and most deserving publications because they happen to lie before us, and because they are fair samples of many others which enterprising publishers are now frequently putting on the market. Those who shake their heads about the progress of a healthy literature in the United States and point to England—where more trash has been printed in these last ten years than for any previous fifty—as so far in advance of us, are assuredly those who are either ignorant of the facts of the case or unwilling to acknowledge them.

THE editorship of *Lippincott's Magazine*, instead of being in the hands of Mr. George H. Boker, as we supposed, is meant to be kept "a perpetual secret." Rumors respecting it are afloat among Philadelphia quidnuncs, but they are said to be at fault.

MR. E. A. POLLARD has succeeded, by the help of the Wise family, in furnishing a very pretty chapter for whatever American Disraeli shall record the *Amenities of Southern Literature*. The ascending climax in courtesy, from the time of the ex-governor's refusal to puff the author's book to the shooting of the author by the youthful relatives of the gubernatorial rhodomontadist, shows as nice gradations as the code laid down by Touchstone, and is altogether worthy of the best days of the Cavaliers from whom all the implicated F.F.V.s are, no doubt, descended. In case, however, this sort of thing is to be made a part of literary controversies, and the masterly critical acumen of the Wises adopted as a precedent, we may be justified in protesting against the quixotic rashness of the allied critics in allowing such odds to their antagonist, and in suggesting that when on future occasions two gentlemen shall find it necessary to differ with one—in the Virginian manner—they shall wait until such time as he may present himself with a lady on each arm. We learn, however, that one of the Wise young

gentlemen promises an account of the affray which shall prove the accepted belief about the last circumstance to be inaccurate. Even with this important deduction the new contribution to the Gay Science is no ordinary one.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's *Causes of the War* is nearly ready for publication.

MR. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, at the request of the late John A. Andrew's family, has undertaken to write the life of the ex-governor.

MISS AGNES LEONARD, a new Southern author, has written a novel, entitled *Vanquished*, which is soon to be published by Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co.

MESSRS. WEDDERBURN & ALFRIEND, of Alexandria, purpose reviving *The Southern Literary Messenger*, whose suspension was occasioned by the war.

A WORK just published in England which is not without interest here is the autobiography of the Rev. Edward Mathews, who is the "Father Dickson" of Mrs. Stowe's *Dred*. Mr. Mathews, who is a cousin of the famous Father Mathew, came to this country while a young man, and, after living as a clerk in New York for a few years, studied for the Baptist ministry and went on missionary duty to Wisconsin. He then became an agent of the Illinois Anti-Slavery Society, and from that time pursued in Kentucky and other slave states the life of heroic mischief-making of the active abolitionist of the time. To the exciting incidents of this life, and to the general history of the anti-slavery movement, his book is chiefly devoted.

THE authorship of *Not Wisely, but Too Well*, the new novel by the author of *Cometh Up as a Flower*, which has not yet made its appearance here, *The Athenaeum* attributes to the author of *Guy Livingstone* from the internal evidence of the kind of delightful wickedness in which its charm is made to consist; arguing further that, if it is not by Mr. Laurence, it is a plagiarism. The novel is evidently one of the class recently treated in *Blackwood*—a compound of kisses, embraces, carnality, adultery, blasphemy—another evidence of the moral deterioration of our redundant fiction.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT complains in *The Athenaeum* that the new edition of *The Letters and Works of Charles Lamb*, which Messrs. Moxon & Co. are about issuing as edited by Mr. George Augustus Sala—who, by the way, is very much out of his sphere in such a work—is really his edition, to which he devoted much time and labor in correspondence, collation to purify the text. During the six months that have elapsed since his MS. was given to the publishers he has collected, it seems, much valuable information which will now be lost.

WITH its November issue, *The Newspaper Press* completes its first volume, and the opportunity is a favorable one for the expression of our admiration for the manner in which it has developed what seemed a most unpromising field, and our pleasure at the thorough success it has apparently achieved. A journal which seemed likely to appeal only to journalists has been made of such general interest that we learn, without surprise, that its subscribers are largely professional men and others who have never been connected with the press, or even with authorship. Its contributions and correspondence have been admirable, there having been monthly letters from Paris, Hamburg, Vienna, and New York, to which Sidney, Melbourne, the Cape of Good Hope, Bombay, and Lahore are soon to be added. Of this source of intelligence from all parts of the world we have made free use in these columns, and not a few of our contemporaries seem to find the store an exhaustless one, while those who desire to preserve the information it gives will find that in respect of mechanical execution it is surpassed by very few books.

MR. TROLLOPE has received, on the occasion of his withdrawal from the Post-office, a complimentary dinner from his admirers, at which nearly a hundred persons were present.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD has also been receiving at Glasgow and London, on the eve of his mission to India, testimonials of the honor in which he is held wherever the English language is spoken. The remarks made on the occasion were illustrative of the liberality and tolerance that have always characterized Dr. Macleod's career, although one of the most earnest advocates of the Established Church of Scotland. His departure has, of course, caused many deserved compliments to be paid him, among which are the latest of the new series of papers on *Men of Mark*, which have lately been recommended in *The London Review*, and an elaborate criticism on his writings in the new number of *The Contemporary Review*.

MR. DANIEL SMITH, brother of Alexander Smith, the poet, is at work upon a book "based upon Madame Ida Pfeiffer's *Voyage Round the World*."

MR. GEORGE DENNIS, an enthusiastic archaeologist, who has made explorations in the Etrurian sepulchres in Sicily, and near Burghazi, where he was consul, has received from the Government another consular position in Asia Minor, in order to enable him to prosecute his researches in that region.

MR. T. E. KEBBEL is writing a series of memoirs of

English statesmen since the peace of 1815, illustrating the drift of English political history for the last fifty years.

MR. FROUDE has discovered, in the Public Record Office, some documents addressed by Irish prelates to Walsingham, in 1582, which seem definitely to settle a disputed point in the history of the Reformation in Ireland, by giving conclusive evidence that no effort was made under Elizabeth to carry out the laws and enforce the deprivation of the bishops who would not take the oath.

MR. WILLIAM MARTIN—"Peter Parley," although there have been other claimants for the title under which, for twenty-six years, this gentleman carried on his well-known *Annual*—died in England on the 30th ultimo.

MR. FREDERICK LAWRENCE, who died recently in London, was best known in this country as the author of a *Life of Henry Fielding*. He was at one time connected with the British Museum, and was a frequent contributor to periodical literature; but returning to his profession, the law, he devoted himself mainly to political and social interests, and was always a prominent man in literary society.

THE REV. ANDREW K. H. BOYD has in press *Lessons of Middle Age*, which is described as "some account of various cities and men," and is, we suppose, a collection of the same kind of not displeasing platitudes which constitute the other productions of the "Country Parson."

MRS. MOODIE, who wrote, long enough ago to let it now be nearly forgotten, a very amusing story of Western life called *Roughing it in the Bush*, is about to publish a novel entitled *The World Before Them*.

MRS. HENRY WOOD, one of the most unaccountably successful of the adultery-novelists, has got editorial possession of *The Argosy*, which is henceforth to be published by her son, and will immediately begin the publication in it of a new serial styled *Anne Herford*.

FRANZ BOPP—one of the greatest of modern Hellenists, famous through his *Comparative Grammar*, written more than fifty years ago—died recently at Berlin at the age of 76.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN contributes to *Aunt Judy's Magazine* a fairy tale entitled *The Horn Book*.

M. TOPFER, a Swiss pedagogue who years ago recorded in a very delightful manner the vacation tours of his school in a book, illustrated as only he can illustrate, entitled *Voyages en Zigzag*, is to come again before the public in *Pictures in Tyrol, and Elsewhere*, which is announced for publication in London. M. Topfer will be best known here and the style of his fun best appreciated by his inimitable caricature histories, of which *The Adventures of Mr. Obadiah Oldbuck* was one of the most extravagantly funny. The new book, however, we suspect from the date of the previous ones, must be posthumous.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: Can you inform "a constant reader" of your weekly who is the author of the enclosed lines, or to whom they are generally attributed?

"I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part
And for that settlement
My conscience gains consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws,
It is my mind and heart,
Though none will take my part,

The Tory party here
Most hateful doth appear.
I ever have denied,
To be on James's side.
To fight for such a king,
Will England's ruin bring,
In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die."

N. B.—Read the left hand part by itself, and then the right, or line by line.
Yours truly,
J. B. COLT.

The lines are given, we think, with some account of their history, in Dr. C. C. Bombaugh's very comprehensive book of *Gleanings of literary curiosities of every description* (see *The Round Table*, No. 122, May 25, 1867, p. 333). Their authorship, it is our impression, is unknown.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In reading the third of your articles on *Figures of Speech* I failed to see a commonly used symbol of life mentioned. We often hear of the "problem of life." Mr. John Brougham, in his popular burlesque, *Pocahontas*, elicits a similar idea, in the scene of the intended execution of Capt. John Smith:

"CAPT. SMITH.—'Life's a conundrum.'
POCAHONTAS.—'Then lie down and give it up.'"

I think this fully as appropriate as the simile of a game—chess, cards, or what not.
R. W. C.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Nov. 2, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The poem alluded to in your journal of October 5, by your correspondent "M. R. H.," was written by Miss Caroline Underhill, and is found in a little volume of her collected poems.

C. L.
NEW YORK, October 30, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: "Hans Sachs" having implied in your last number an invitation for me to bring my metaphysics to bear in an argument upon the question, "Is there a plurality of universes and of deities?" I submit a few thoughts, or fancies perhaps they may be termed. At the first glance of the matter, I was inclined to consider it one to be dealt with by the fancy alone—one, as suggested by Poe himself, not capable of being held within the grasp of the intellect at all. But after a second look my decision is, that the rules of ordinary matter-of-fact discussion can be applied to it as well as they can be to commonplace subjects in general. Then, what is the foundation upon which the question is raised? I will gather this from a letter of Poe's giving me a summary of the propositions and results in *Eureka*, since my copy of this work is not at hand. The letter says:

"The general proposition is this: Because nothing was, therefore all things are.

"1. An inspection of the universality of gravitation—that is, of the fact that each particle tends not to any one common point, but to every other particle—suggests perfect totality, or absolute unity, as the source of the phenomenon.

"2. Gravity is but the mode in which is manifested the tendency of all things to return into their original unity; is but the reaction of the first Divine act.

"3. Mind is cognizant of matter only through its two properties, attraction and repulsion; therefore, matter is only attraction and repulsion. A finally consolidated globe of globes, being

but one particle, would be without attraction and repulsion; it must disappear. Thus unity is nothingness.

"6. Matter, springing from unity, sprang from nothingness—that is, was created.

"7. All will return to nothingness in returning to unity."

Now, it will be observed that "all things" of which the mind is cognizant are embraced in the universe of gravitation which had its one Creator. This idea is expressed (if possible) more plainly in language employed in another place by Mr. Poe to define the term *universe*—namely, the following: "the utmost conceivable expanse of space, with all things spiritual and material, that can be imagined to exist within the compass of that expanse." Then, let the "clusters of clusters" of universes succeed each other however interminably, they are such only as "can be imagined," therefore, are included in the one universe named before. I perhaps shall be charged with a little unfairness in taking Mr. Poe off upon his unfortunate huddling of definitions, but the point which I am after is not that of a play upon mere definitions; on the contrary, it is a point which comes from the nature of the case. The imagination itself is one of the "things" constituting the universe, hence was a part of the imagination (the mind) of the one Creator who sent the universe into existence; and here, as in physics, presents itself the axiom that a part is not as great as the whole—in other words, the conception of the creature cannot go outside of that of its Creator.

Then, what will I do with Poe's positive statement that he does imagine several universes? I will do the same that I would with that of the faith-full minister to the doubting sea-captain whom he attempted to convince of the possibility of God's making two mountains without a valley between them. This is not among the possibilities; and no mind can take it in as a real conception. So the imagination of Poe, however great its "hardihood," could not take hold of universes not within range of the imagination which gave it being. There would seem to be a good deal of muddling of the mind touching the powers of the imagination. For myself, I am prepared to affirm that nothing can be pictured upon it that does not exist in fact. The picture may be (is) a new combination, but the parts combined must be actualities. These parts are things—rather, images of things—received through the several senses. To illustrate, suppose all the senses (whether more than five or not) concentrated into the one sense of sight. All the different things in the universe are made up of particles of shapes and sizes, and lying in relative positions such as to form the portions of ether among them (when set in motion by some means) into what we call light. This light, taken upon lines of the ether occupying otherwise empty space, is conveyed to the eye, which in turn is composed of particles of corresponding shapes and sizes, and lying in corresponding positions—such that the portions of ether among them are made to wave in unison, so to speak, with the waves in gathering. Thus are produced visions of the separate things which, in novel unions, the imagination now may review. If there is no object to reflect the light to the eye, there is no vision, hence no image for the imagination, so termed rightly; to bring into its group. I am going to claim consistent argument as one of the senses named above, and that through it no idea of the plurality specified in my heading can be carried.

By the way, Mrs. Whitman, in allusion to a remark of mine upon the singular nature of Poe's genius, says: "Your assumption is a startling one, yet has in it, on second thought, a certain air of plausibility. Edgar Poe always was, in my mind, vaguely associated with the Wandering Jew. He was and is a great magician—a God-peer, as the transposed letters of his name would indicate to those who believe in the significance of anagrams." Query—whether, upon the assumption that he could conceive of things beyond the conception of his acknowledged Creator, he is not proved to be even more than a God-peer?

G. W. EVELETH.

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SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

City and County of New York. The State of trial, City and County
of New York:

HENRY E. WILSON, Plaintiff,
against
EMMA WILSON, Defendant.

Summons.—For relief.
(Com. not served.)

To the Defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the com-
plaint in this action, which will be filed in the Office of the Clerk
of the City and County of New York at the City Hall in said city,
and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the
subscriber, at his office, No. 202 Broadway, New York City, within
twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive
of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said
complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action
will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 2, 1867.

JOHN LINN, Plaintiff's Attorney,
202 Broadway, New York City.

The complaint in the foregoing action was filed in the Office of
the Clerk of the City and County of New York on the eighth day
of November, 1867.

JOHN LINN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

500 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA ACROSS THE
CONTINENT, ARE NOW COMPLETED.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY have built a
longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever
built by any other company in the same time, and they will con-
tinue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The
Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacra-
mento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is ex-
pected that

THE ENTIRE GRAND LINE

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN
ONE-THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE,
MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW
IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW
EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

Forty Million Dollars in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that
have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for
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Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the government and its
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for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of
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States takes a second lien as security.

2.—FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS. By its charter the Company is
permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same
amount as the bonds issued by the government and no more, and
only as the road progresses.

3.—THE LAND GRANT. The Union Pacific Railroad Company
has a land grant or absolute donation from the government of 12,
800 acres to the mile, which will not be worth less than \$1 50 per
acre at the lowest valuation.

4.—THE CAPITAL STOCK. The authorized capital of the Union
Pacific Railroad Company is \$10,000,000, of which over \$5,000,000
have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building and equipping 914
miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much
of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every ex-
pense except surveying, have been made at the average rate of
sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars (\$68,058) per mile.
Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six
of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific
Company to be \$30,000 per mile,

The Total Cost of Eleven Hundred Miles will
be as follows:

914 miles, at \$68,058,	\$62,205,012
186 miles, at \$30,000,	5,580,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, etc.,	4,500,000
Amount,	\$72,285,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own
First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

Available Cash Resources for Building Eleven
Hundred Miles:

U. S. Bonds,	\$29,325,000
First Mortgage Bonds,	23,225,000
Capital stock paid in on the work now done,	5,325,000
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at \$1 50 per acre,	21,120,000
Total,	\$79,800,000

The Company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency
that may arise in means for construction. This may be done
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FUTURE BUSINESS.

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EARNINGS.

Passengers, Freight, Telegraph, and Mails,	\$793,755 54
Transportation of Contractors' materials and men,	479,283 41
Total,	\$1,273,038 95

EXPENSES.

Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, etc.,	\$395,530 93
NET EARNINGS to balance,	877,508 03
Total,	\$1,273,038 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for
the quarter were \$377,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL
BUSINESS stands as follows:

Earnings for May, June, and July,	\$723,755 54
Expenses,	237,966 50
Net Profit,	\$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the Company can issue on 325 miles, at
\$16,000 per mile, is \$5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at
six per cent. on this sum, is \$78,000; add 40 per cent. premium,
to correspond with currency earnings, is \$109,200—showing that the
net earnings for this quarter were more than four times the inter-
est on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

whose principle is so amply provided for, and whose interest is
so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the safest invest-
ments. They pay

Six per Cent. in Gold,

and are offered for the present at NINETY CENTS ON THE
DOLLAR, and accrued interest at Six per Cent. in Currency from
July 1.

Many parties are taking advantage of the present high price of
Government Stocks to exchange for these Bonds, which are over
FIFTEEN PER CENT. CHEAPER, and, at the current rate of
premium on gold, pay

Over Nine per Cent. Interest.

Subscriptions will be received in New York at the Company's
Office, 20 Nassau Street, and by
CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, 7 Nassau Street,
CLARK, DODGE & CO., Bankers, 51 Wall Street,
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, 33 Wall Street,
and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United
States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained
on application.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in
New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return
express.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.

October 28, 1867.